Manhattan Love Song a new novel by **Kathleen Norris**

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July 15, 1933

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY ★

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JULY 15, 1933

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"We want the best ETHYL we can buy *so we always stop at this* TEXACO ETHYL *pump*"

"Why, what's the difference between one Ethyl gasoline and another —they're all the same, aren't they?"

"That's what we thought too, until Fred told me that Texaco-Ethyl was made from that *Fire-Chief* Gasoline you hear so much about. He explained that it's the gasoline to which Ethyl is added that counts."

It's always the gasoline base you *start* with that determines how good the resulting gasoline will be *after* the Ethyl fluid is added. In Texaco-Ethyl the base is Texaco *Fire-Chief*, the famous fire-engine gasoline. Before *anything* is added, you've got fire-engine speed and power — plus an octane rating already outstanding. When Ethyl fluid is added to *that*— you've got just about the finest Ethyl gasoline money can buy.

Try a tankful today at any Texaco Station. Find out for yourself what a *big* difference there is between Texaco-Ethyl and other premium gasolines.

Drive to the Century of Progress Exposition at Chicago. There are good roads — ample parking spaces — plenty of good hotels and tourist camps.

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THE TEXAS COMPANY • *Texaco Petroleum Products*

TEXACO-ETHYL *is* **FIRE-CHIEF + ETHYL**

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For a long time it looked as though Kenneth and Mary were going to break up. But evidently Mary read one of those halitosis ads and took the hint. They'll be married in the fall.
Sweethearts now!
. . . because they dared to ask themselves . . .
"How's my breath today?"

. . . ask yourself the same question . . . *then use Listerine*

The insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath) is that you yourself never know when you have it. Moreover, halitosis is a constant threat, because its causes are common and of every-day occurrence.

Most cases of halitosis are caused by the fermentation of tiny bits of food left clinging to teeth and gums even after careful tooth brushing. A decaying tooth, a leaky filling, improperly-fitting bridge-work, also cause it. And of course excesses of eating and drinking, and minor infections of the oral tract.

Recognizing this risk, why take the chance of offending others? Why not make sure your breath is sweet and agreeable today and every day? You can do it by simply rinsing the mouth with Listerine on arising and before retiring—and if you wish to be particularly careful, before all social engagements.

Listerine halts fermentation, arrests decay, and checks infection, the major causes of breath odors—and then overcomes the odors themselves. Your mouth feels clean, fresh, and invigorated. Your breath becomes sweet and agreeable.

Don't expect immediate or lasting deodorant effect from so-called "bargain" mouth washes. Tests have shown that they have failed to hide in 12 hours odors that Listerine conquers instantly. When you want to be sure that your breath does not offend, use Listerine and Listerine only.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

BEFORE SOCIAL ENGAGEMENTS

LISTERINE

INSTANTLY ENDS HALITOSIS

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

PLACE a young bride in an isolated mining camp, let her husband spend sixteen hours a day trying to extract cinnabar from the depths of the earth—and something is bound to happen.

It did happen. The matrimonial crisis was not aided by the arrival of a dashing young German mining engineer, Frederick Koll, who plunged into a careful survey of the Snakerock properties—and of Helen Gregg. His success in both was remarkable. But Wong Soo arranged a menu which we wouldn't recommend to you, one that brought a perfect Hollywood ending to "A Dinner for Two," by Hugh Wiley.

IT SOUNDED pretty low to Casey McCarthy, "dropping eaves" on a woman. But he took the job Mr. Bitz offered. Mr. Bitz, of course, had only the safety of the gorgeous Dial Andrews and her pearls in mind. And what better protection than having a personal escort, especially when the escort was a young giant (and at Dartmouth for two years, plus a little boxing)?

Not that Dial's interest in Lester Willis, her producer, bothered Mr. Bitz. Not much. But what defense could Lester offer against jewel thieves and holdup men? She needed an experienced defender—like Casey.

At first Casey enjoyed his work, and no one, not even Dial, Lester or Mr. Bitz, could persuade him to take a holiday until he decided that the job didn't fit him, much to the chagrin and sorrow of Messrs. Bitz and Willis. Corey Ford furnishes the details in "Bodyguard."

TWENTY years ago when we didn't give a second thought to the possibility of a world war and prohibition was just another word in Webster, a gay, handsome young man was hard at work in Washington learning the duties of an Assistant Secretary of the Navy. He did a good job of it, but shortly after he had left office he was struck down by an insidious disease which left him apparently a hopeless cripple for life. The story of President Roosevelt's courageous fight to regain his health and the effect of this fight upon his career Ray Tucker tells in "The Man Misfortune Made."

JOHN T. FLYNN explains the revaluation of silver and shows you simply and graphically what an important part it can be made to play in our efforts to recover our prosperity and our world trade. Kathleen Norris and Ernest Haycox escort their heroes and heroines into and out of situations while Ruth Burr Sanborn, Albert Richard Wetjen, John B. Kennedy and Don Marquis are at their best.

This Week

July 15, 1933

Cover by Lawson Wood

KATHLEEN NORRIS
Manhattan Love Song, Part I. **A thrilling new romance by a master storyteller. Page 7**

TALBERT JOSSELYN
Pinch Hitter. **You're never too old to make good. Page 10**

WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD
The Farmer is Whistling Again. **Prosperity goes back to the land. Page 12**

PAUL JONES
Meet the Family. **But marry the girl. Page 14**

DOROTHY DUCAS and ADELE BROWN
The Open Season for Eating. **How to picnic properly. Page 16**

JAMES B. HERZOG and JOHN B. KENNEDY
Customs of the Country. **A day with our duty-dodgers. Page 17**

ERNEST HAYCOX
Starlight Rider, Part III. **Riding for a fall. Page 18**

ROARK BRADFORD
Cotton Need Pickin'. **Poetic justice on Little Bee Bend plantation. Page 20**

DON MARQUIS
The Right Spirit. **An honest economist. Page 22**

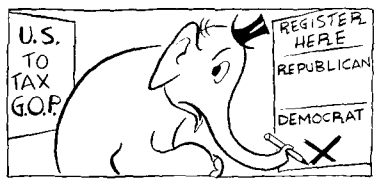
THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Back Seat, **by Hugh MacNair Kahler. Page 24**

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. **Our own fact-finding committee. Page 28**

EDITORIAL
Pay for Prosperity. **Page 50**

Any Week

"THIS Democratic Congress is overlooking a bet," says Mr. Ed G. Konrad of Washington, D. C. "Why not tax all Republicans? The income might not be great but it would do away with the opposition, which is something."



FOR the benefit of President Roosevelt, whom he warmly admires, Mr. T. Brackett of Cody, Wyoming, speaks in parable. "Any fellow can get onto a horse," he concludes, "but there's two things that show up whether he knows anything about riding. One is, can he stick on after he is in the saddle; and the other is, does he know how to get off after showing that he can stick on?"

"WHENEVER one of those suave gentlemen attempted to sell me stock in a balloon factory," observes Mr. Louis L. Williams of Brooklyn, New York, "he always assured me that because of my standing in the community I was to be let in on the ground floor. Such memories form my opinion that the list of preferred customers of J. P. Morgan & Company is probably just a high-class sucker list."

AND Mrs. George H. Kelley of Louisville, Kentucky, demands that the wets refrain from gloating. "The country is repealing the Eighteenth Amendment," she says, "because it is tired of the drys and not because the wets are any handsomer."

MR. JIM LORN, born and reared in Detroit, Michigan, but now of the world at large, has learned something that all good journalists will agree with. Eighteen months ago, says Mr. Lorn, he had a job fetching him sixty dollars a week. He lived at home and read Collier's. Then, losing his job, he embarked in his automobile bent on seeing what the North American continent was all about. He saw it all, from Yucatan to Alaska. And now: "I used to think that all a guy had to do to break into print and get paid for same was to go out and look at something and come back and write about it. Well, sir, I've been out and I've seen things and I'll be darned if I can tell you much about any of them. I'm all fed up. I want to settle down again and do my exploring through Collier's as of yore. A guy can't write about things he sees unless he knows what he is looking at and for."

ONE of the numerous reasons why we wish to continue to live for some years is that we hope some day to be able to answer at least one of the questions that Mrs. Andrew B. Lufthaven of Duluth, Minnesota, is in the habit of firing at us. That we have never quite caught up with an answer to any of her questions does not discourage Mrs. Lufthaven. Every week we pray for better luck next time. But no. Here is her current dumfounder: "Why is it that we never see white horses in the races at the track?"

A GREAT many of you readers pick up your copies of Collier's and, after reading, lay them aside either indignantly or with the satisfied human's sigh of content. But Mr. Arnold Krone of Evanston, Illinois, is not of you. Let Collier's come to his hands and he is instantly on the offensive with T-square, triangles, dividers, slide rule, alidade and probably a quadrant or two. When he's through with us he knows, down to the sixty-fourth of an inch, just where he is and we ought to be. Behold Mr. Krone, then, working on our cover page for June 3d.

"I find," writes he, "the lady playing golf with a ball that measures three-eighths inch, compared to the width of her hand, three-quarters inch, which is rather out of balance in view of the normal hand, three to four inches in width, compared to 1.68 inches, the diameter of a golf ball. The club head is over one half the length of the forearm. The foot is—"

BUT naturally we can't devote the whole department to an engineer's survey of a woman golfer. If we did, we'd get into technical controversies where we're not as strong as we might be. For example, think of the arguments that might pop up if we were to try to tell Mrs. J. J. Lanihan why one copy of Collier's weighs more than an equal number of pages of her favorite newspaper, the Oil City (Pa.) Derrick.

LEAVING just enough room for the following: "Gentleman, You are notify that my address is now care of Long Island City Jail, Long Island, N. Y. That make a frame-up on me. I will be out from jail when my wife change her mind as she positively will not get no alimony. So send me the Collier's which is more than I would say for my wife."

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"I cover the Waterfront—

WHERE ROADS ARE ROUGH"

A CERTIFIED INTERVIEW WITH ALVIN H. HOENNINGER, PRODUCE SALESMAN, 43 LINDEN AVE., PELHAM, N. Y.

"That New, Long Wheel-base Plymouth sure Rides Swell over Cobbled Streets"

"I SELL produce to ships," Mr. Hoenninger told us, "... and it's tough going in those out-of-the-way places. Cobble stones ... railroad tracks ... heavy traffic!

"So I wanted to get around *fast* ... without being worn to a frazzle.

"That new, long wheel-base Plymouth sounded like the car for me. So I went to a showroom. I also looked at the other two leading low-priced cars.

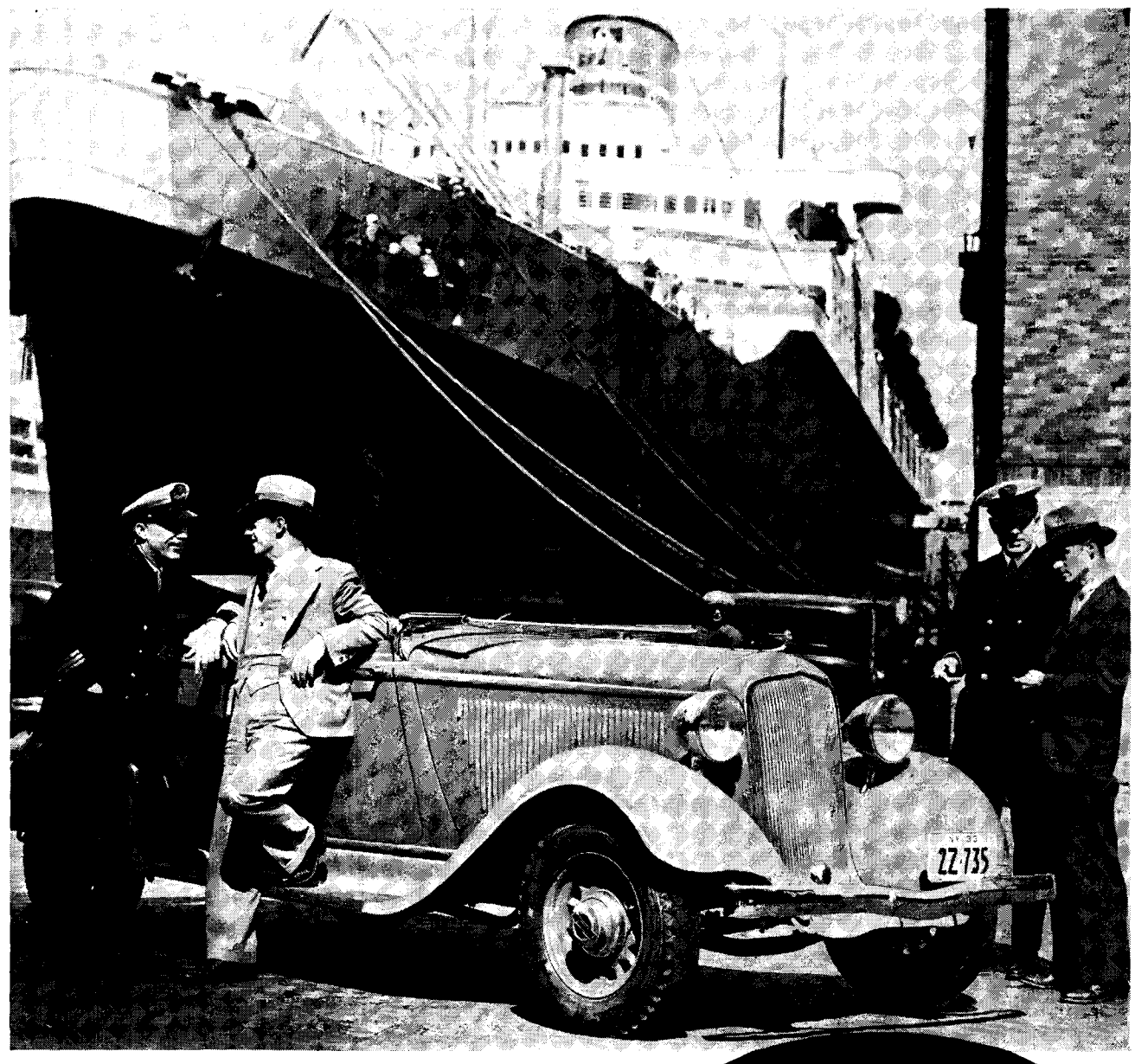
"No question about it ... that De Luxe Plymouth is the answer to a salesman's prayer! The long wheel-base irons out the roughest roads! And there's no vibration to tire you out! Floating Power engine mountings are worth their weight in gold."

Talk to owners like Mr. Hoenninger and you'll find why Plymouth sales *doubled* in the last 12 months... the "miracle" of the year in the automobile industry!

You'll find the De Luxe the *biggest* low-priced car ... the roomiest ... easiest-riding!

The *safest*, too ... with smooth-stopping hydraulic brakes... a husky rigid-X frame... and a safety-steel body that stands between you and the other fellow's carelessness!

In *every* way, you'll find Plymouth the most car for the money. So take a Floating Power ride in a Plymouth today!



"Some car for $595 f.o.b. My De Luxe Convertible gets a big 'hand'.. even from hard-boiled sea-dogs! And it rides like a canoe on a mill pond!"

Standard: 2-door sedan $465; 4-door sedan $510; rumble coupe $485; business coupe $445. DeLuxe: 2-door sedan $525; 4-door sedan $575; conv. coupe $595; rumble coupe $545; business coupe $495. Prices subject to change without notice.

See PLYMOUTH at Chrysler Motors Building, Chicago Century of Progress

$445

AND UP F.O.B. FACTORY, DETROIT

NEW PLYMOUTH SIX

NOW PRICED AS LOW AS THE LOWEST

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Both are PHILCO

PHILCO 16X - $150

WHEN you think of PHILCO, you may think of one of the magnificent, powerful (Inclined Sounding Board) X Models—the radio that is truly the finest of musical instruments—the radio that is supreme in its ability to reproduce all broadcasts with perfect fidelity to the original.

On the other hand, when you think of PHILCO you may think of a smaller, more compact, less expensive radio—yet capable of superb performance and splendid tone.

Both times you are right! Both are PHILCO! Both are PHILCO in quality, PHILCO in design, PHILCO in workmanship, and PHILCO in the perfection of their performance.

Just as PHILCO provides the finest in big radio performance—so PHILCO provides the finest in small radio! But both are PHILCO—the 16X with its almost limitless power, and the 54C with its charming compactness and astounding ability.

From the little radio of the 54C type to those great musical instruments of quality—the X Models—at every step there is a PHILCO supreme in its particular field. And all of them can be seen and heard at the nearest PHILCO dealer!

Listen to BOAKE CARTER
Over Key Columbia Stations

$15 to $250
FEDERAL TAX PAID
Prices slightly higher
Denver and West

PHILCO 54C - $25

THE first small set built to meet Underwriters' Safety Standards. Automatic Volume Control, Illuminated Dial, Electro-Dynamic Speaker of exceptional tone quality. Operates on Alternating or Direct Current. Tunes not only the regular broadcast stations but also all police—some amateur and airplane short-wave stations up to 3300 kilocycles. Built-in aerial—no ground required. Hand-rubbed butt walnut cabinet $25. PHILCO 57C (for Alternating Current only) $15.

A New PHILCO Automobile Radio at $39.95
(complete and installed on any make car—any model—any year)

Everything in one compact convenient unit. All-Electric. No extra batteries. Steering column control. Installed on—or transferred to—any car while you wait, by your car dealer—any PHILCO-Transitone dealer or United Motors Service Station.

Other PHILCO Automobile Radios at $59.50 and $89.50—complete and installed.

THE most magnificent and most powerful (auditorium volume if desired) musical instrument PHILCO ever designed. Unexcelled for regular broadcast reception—and provides most efficient reception of short-wave bands including the ultra-short waves used in British Empire Station broadcasts.

Short-wave tuning made easy by the exclusive PHILCO Wave Band Switch and Dual Ratio Tuning—giving 60 to 1 ratio for short-wave tuning when desired in addition to regular 8 to 1 ratio on standard broadcast band. Range from 23 megacycles (23,000 kilocycles) to 520 kilocycles—13 to 575 meters.

Its marvelous tone is due to the PHILCO Patented Inclined Sounding Board—the greatest development in scientific sound reproduction.

1. Its inclination directs all high notes (sparkle and brilliance) some of which you would otherwise miss, up to "ear level".
2. Its large size permits full reproduction of low notes (depth and sonority).
3. RESULT—Reception as if the artists were "present in person".

The new and exclusive PHILCO Class "A" Audio System gives a range of undistorted volume never before available in any radio.

The new and exclusive PHILCO Bass Compensating Tone Control brings out the correct proportions of bass or low tones without cutting high tones. This gives a pleasing depth and mellowness combined with the desirable crispness and clarity which only the correct balance in unmodified high tones can give. Every other worthwhile improvement—Automatic Volume Control, Automatic Interstation Noise Suppression, Shadow Tuning, etc.

PHILCO 16X (as illustrated) $150. The powerful and versatile 16 chassis is also available in a beautiful Lowboy cabinet—the 16L at $125—and in a cabinet of the Baby Grand type—the 16B at $75.

PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY SET

PHILCO

A musical instrument of quality

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Manhattan Love Song

Copyright, 1933, by Kathleen Norris

Beginning a fascinating new serial: The adventures of four young people who were not afraid of Life

Kathleen Norris

Fanny was suddenly sick of the whole thing—college, New York plans, everything

IT WAS Fanny who upon any and all occasions suggested a picnic. A picnic was her natural outlet when life was full and satisfying, and equally her resource when life was dull.

"Get Chris and Mack, Madge," she commanded at these times. "Let's picnic! We've millions of things to talk about!" or, "Nothing's happened for so long we'll have to do something about it. Tell them we're going to have a picnic."

"We used to have one picnic a year when I was a kid," Chris told her once. "I never knew anyone as gaga as you are on the subject of picnics!"

"But you like them?" asked Fanny.

"Oh, sure I like them," Chris conceded, grinning. Fanny looked at him for a few minutes with her head tipped on one side; the half-expectant, half-wistful look her eyes sometimes wore making them very blue. What Chris thought and said was uncomfortably important to her; she couldn't help it. It was spoiling her appetite and her sleep and her senior year at Stanford, but she couldn't help it. All she could do was keep her chin up and try to conceal it not only from him but from Madge, who might very likely be half in love with Chris too, and from Mack, who was quite admittedly in love with Fanny.

Fanny was twenty-two; a lean, tall girl with blue eyes and tawny hair; not outstanding for beauty among the college's five hundred women until you were close to her and knew the expressions of the brown face. Her cheekbones were high, her eyes rather deep-set, and the modeling of her chin was strong and clean; she had a vibrant voice, as vital as her own personality; her head, with its brushed crown of soft, pale-brown hair, was always held erect, and she walked with a swing that betrayed high spirits and overflowing energy.

Forgetting appointments, losing keys and purses, careless and absent-minded and sunny-tempered and kind, running and dancing rather than proceeding soberly through the magic college years, Fanny had been like a child, or perhaps rather like a fine young boy, until now—until just lately, when this new feeling about Christopher Thring had come to bother her, to make her feel silly and girlish, flushing and paling ridiculously, restless, sleepless, not hungry any more.

MACK loved her, and she loved Chris, and Madge—Madge probably loved Chris too, and Chris—Fanny knew he didn't love her, and she wouldn't let her heart admit that he could care for anyone else. It was all rather mixed.

But they were all going to New York, she reminded herself, and once away from the atmosphere of college Chris might feel older, feel more like settling down. Anyway, he wouldn't know and be adored by scores of other women in New York. They four, Mack and Madge and Chris and Fanny, would have to rely on one another, then. He would *have* to see, then, how simply—how truly and deeply Fanny cared for him.

Thinking this, as she sat in the grass on a certain spring day, when they were all sharing one more picnic, Fanny dreamed, unaware of what the others were saying, beyond a good-natured consciousness that their laughter was at her expense.

"Wake up, Fanny," said Mack. "How'd you happen to get in dutch with the dean?"

"Oh, she'll forgive me!" Fanny said easily.

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"But how'd you happen to forget her?"

"Because when I went back to get my keys I left my book, Mack. Don't be so trying!" Fanny admonished him sharply.

Mack, who had been looking down at the lush, rich grass thoughtfully, looked up with a grin.

"You—let me get this straight: You left your car keys on the counter in the glove department. Then when you wanted to start home, already, I gather, a trifle late to keep your appointment with the dean—"

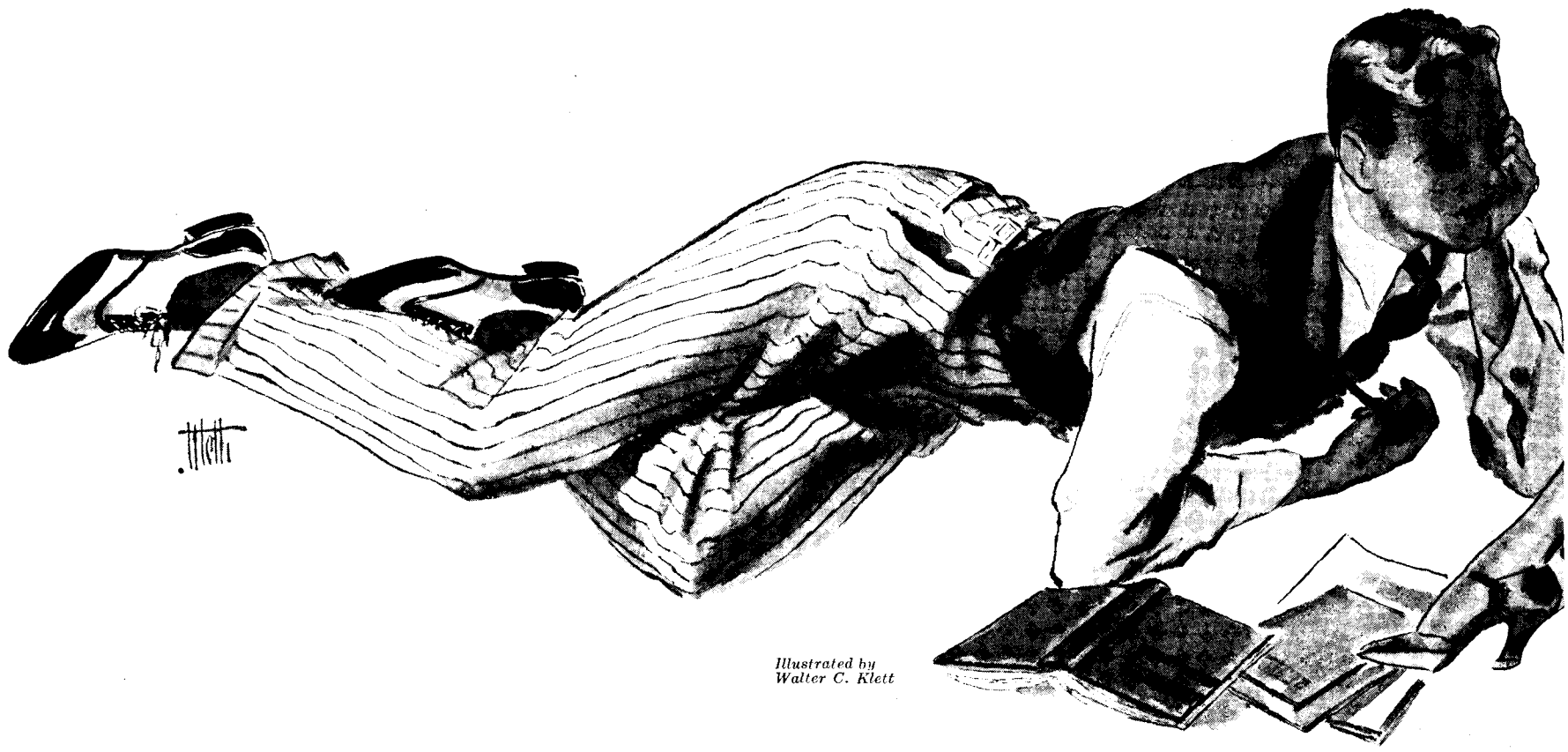
"—with the *dean!*" Madge Rountree echoed, in an awed, amused, horrified undertone.

"—a trifle late to keep your appointment with the dean," Mack pursued, "you found you had no keys. So you rushed to the bookstore—I confess I'm at a loss to know why the bookstore—"

"Because I thought that I had left them there, *sheep*," said Fanny. "Madge and I had just been there."

"You got a book on the wing, as it were?"

"While I was there I got a second-hand book," Fanny admitted, with a slightly irritated emphasis, "and then we went to the glove counter, and the keys were there; at least, she'd sent them up to the 'Lost and Found,' and we went up there, and I had to fill out a blank and all that! And then I left my gloves—no, the keys—no—" Fanny assumed an air of hauteur as she floundered, "I mean I left the book at the glove counter and my gloves in the 'Lost and Found' place. I got them all back!"



Illustrated by Walter C. Klett

SHE added the last offendedly, her eyes meeting those of Madge and Mack defiantly, as they laughed wildly. Chris did not look up. His dark head was buried in his arms; perhaps he was asleep.

A California sun shone down on the rising meadow and the rolling hills and the great, towering oaks. Toward the west the coast range rose sharply against a flawless sky; the ocean was a matter of some dozen miles in that direction. Toward the east the ground fell away gradually to show the tops of trees and the beautiful buildings of the college: tiled Spanish roofs, long arcades, grilled windows steeped in deep blue shadow, splotched with patches of golden sunshine.

The four young persons who had been sharing a picnic lunch on the hillside knew every one of the cream-colored blocks well; they knew the library, the gym, the museum. Their feet had mounted all these flights of steps, had crossed these greens and quadrangles hundreds of times. Now they were almost over the happy college years; the smells of anesthetics and rubber flooring in the lab, the good musty smell of books in the library, the sharp, sweet smell of eucalyptus leaves and dying chrysanthemums on the day of the big game. The jumble of the noonday cafeteria, the knots of arguing freshmen drifting toward Encina, the loiterers at the post office—these were all moving steadily, irrevocably into the past, with the oaks and the blue shadows and the shaking thunder of the organ pouring out of the chapel door on Sunday mornings and the feel of the languid spring days, when the windows were open in the classrooms, and the girls' sweaters and caps and shoes were suddenly white.

Fanny and Madge and Mack and Christopher—these four had somehow drifted together during the years. They were always together now. Despite the differences in their backgrounds and their natures, they never could remain long apart. Out of the surging current of the more than three thousand young lives that the college had drawn into one stream, they had found one another; they said that they never would lose one another again.

Or at least Fanny, spokeswoman in any group, said that, and Mack grinned approval, and Madge clung tight to Fanny's so much bigger hand. Madge was small and shy, quite lovely in a Dresden, flowerlike way, and more than ordinarily clever. She had majored in Greek and was almost a straight A scholar. Her mother kept a girls' school in Piedmont, and Madge would presumably go back there some day to teach Latin and Greek. But meanwhile her mother had promised her a year in New York, not so much to encourage her in her inexplicable passion for the stage generally, and puppet shows in particular, as to disillusion her completely along those lines.

"For four years," explained Madge's mother to her faculty, 'the child has been delirious on the subject of puppets. Well! There's neither culture nor future nor even money along that line, as far as I can see. I'm perfectly willing to have her prove it to her own satisfaction. Marjorie's almost twenty, and she isn't the kind to fall quickly in love."

THUS Madge's mother, who flattered herself that she understood girls. But meanwhile Madge had gone to a Christmas dance, and the great arms of Mack Wise had encircled her during the dreamy measures of the season's most seductive song, and Madge knew now—deep in her secret heart, for she hadn't even told Fanny—that however much she used the puppets as a shield, it was really because of Mack that she did anything or went anywhere in these days. And Mack was confidently, definitely, resolutely bound for the Biggest City.

Mack's father was a doctor in Salt Lake City. Mack was one of five children; his parents had been quite unable to do anything for him. But an uncle had promised him six hundred a year for his college years, and Mack built this up by playing the piano in a summer-hotel orchestra, and by such clever contributions to college theatricals that on several occasions he had been asked to repeat them on the radio, and had actually been paid for it. Mack was blond, broad, handsome—all girls yearned for Mack except, of course, contrary Fanny Furness, with whom he had been in love from the beginning.

Fanny admitted everything in regard to Mack, and sometimes wondered herself why she didn't fall in love with him. He was handsome in the pleasantest sort of way—big and lean and athletic; he was on the team, he was by no means a fool, and he was full of engaging slants—humor, spirit, wit, absurdity, vision. He loved to argue about world politics and literature and disarmament—even Chris would argue with him, which said something for Mack's intelligence.

For Chris was exceptional! He was shorter than Mack, and broader; Mack was quite fair; Chris was dark. He was rather silent, whereas Mack talked all the time. Still one felt—or at least Fanny felt—the presence of humor in Chris, the presence of rare sensitiveness and feeling. But he showed it little. He was finishing his law course at twenty-four because of nothing but will and character and perseverance; Chris had no parental backing whatsoever; his mother sold books in the "Emporium" in San Francisco; his father had long been dead. There was a dependent grandmother, and a little sister of fifteen, Anna; Chris was loyal to them all, but he loved Anna with a sort of despair—life was so hard for everyone; he couldn't bear the idea that it would ever be hard for Anna.

To pay his way he corrected papers, coached two freshmen in French and psychology, and "hashed" at Roble. Roble was the girls' dormitory; Chris and Fanny had met when she was in her first year and had been living there. All girls had to live there for their freshman year; Fanny, the most alert, the friendliest of newcomers, had lost no time in deciding that Chris was unusual. Dragging Madge as usual in her wake, she had established a friendship with him at once.

Her own background was quite ordinary, she said. She was from San Diego; her father and mother were dead, and she had money enough to finish college next month, and to go to New York afterward, and a few hundred more to get started on.

"STARTED at what?" she echoed cheerfully today, when Mack asked her. "I don't know—exactly. Anything. Anything honest, that is, Mack. I haven't made up my mind yet. I only know that somehow I have to go to New York, and that the rest will all be plain sailing!"

"Darn' plain," Christopher said, simply. Fanny only laughed.

"Come, Chris," she said railingly, "everyone does it. *Think* of the people who have gone to New York and succeeded!"

"Think of those who have gone there and failed," suggested Chris.

"Well, as far as that goes," Fanny said, with a maddening air of being brilliantly logical, "they don't have to go there at all to do that."

To this Chris, letting his dark head sink deeper against his arm, and against the green grass, made no reply. But Madge looked at Fanny anxiously and said:

"But I don't understand, Fanny."

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"I mean—Mack knows what I mean!" temporized Fanny.

"I do not," Mack said hastily.

"Well, I mean that—that if you are going to fail, you might as well stay here. I mean, it wouldn't make any difference *where* you stayed. But if you are going to succeed—why, New York's your meat!"

"But—but if you don't know what you're going to succeed at, Fanny?" Madge pursued.

"Oh, *that* doesn't make any difference!" Fanny assured her lightly.

Christopher looked up, blinking.

"I've got to go to New York," he began somberly. "Madge's got her mother to back her. Mack here can come back if everything goes wrong. But you may find yourself in the deuce of a pickle if you go there and your money gives out."

"She can go right on living with me!" Madge said quickly. "We're going to live together anyway."

SHE said it because Fanny had an odd expression on her face. At first Fanny had listened to Chris laughingly, as she always did, with her brown, thin, keen face turned toward him, and her soft fair hair in a tumble about her forehead. But suddenly she had turned away with the air of a girl who does not want to—who quite suddenly fears she is going to cry; crimson color had shown under her transparent skin. She was hurt. Madge realized in utter consternation that Fanny really was hurt—

"Well," Chris, who appeared to be in an odious mood, conceded ungraciously, "she could live with you, of course."

"In any case," said Fanny stiffly, in a manner and tone quite unlike herself—"in any case I suppose that in a city that size you won't feel that you have to bother about me, Chris."

To this Chris very properly paid no attention. There was a silence during which Fanny had time to realize exactly how childish the words sounded, dying on the air, and then Mack said:

"I'm the one that has an awful nerve to go to New York in this year of all years."

"It doesn't seem to have occurred to the girls, at least, that we're right in the middle of a depression," Chris added.

"S'pose it'll make a big difference, when we're there, Chris?" Mack asked.

"Of course it will."

"But—but not if we're sure of our allowances," Madge put in worriedly.

"The thing is, it's no time to try anything," Chris pronounced. Fanny broke into laughter. "What's funny?" he asked, looking at her suspiciously.

"Well, that's a rather sweeping statement, Chris!" she protested.

"It's no time to go to New York unless you're pretty sure of what you'll find there," Chris amended it.

"I suppose things are worse there than anywhere else," Mack offered respectfully.

"Much."

"Well, I'll have six months' allowance when I go," Madge said, "and I can always come back to Mother and the Rountree Seminary."

"The depression—" Fanny began unexpectedly, and stopped. They all glanced at her and she laughed in embarrassment. "No—well, I mean," she pursued, a trifle confusedly—"I mean that it's just one of the—the conditions of our lives, isn't it? Like being born in the reign of Victoria, or of the Thirty Years' War. People—persons, I mean—were born in Victoria's time, and lived to a good old age, and died, and never knew there was anything different—any other ruler—

"And loads of them must have been born just before the Thirty Years' War started, and lived to be thirty or forty, with the world always at war. Probably they thought war was the normal state of a country."

"So what?" Mack asked, as she paused.

"SO WE have the depression. We girls are twenty-two, and you boys twenty-four, and this—this simply is the condition into which we grew up. Perhaps there wasn't a depression seven or eight years ago, but we were too young to care. We're grown now, we're men and women, and we haven't got any money, and we don't know quite how to handle it. But it's—it's our problem, just as pioneering, or colonizing, or the Thirty Years' War was the problem of *those* generations."

"Sometimes you say awfully smart things, Fan," Chris commented slowly, in another pause. And again Fanny flushed, but this time with delight, a brightening and irradiating of her whole being that was quite different from the former painful coloring of shame and hurt. At such a moment she was beautiful, her rather sallow, clear skin warmed into brilliance; her dark blue eyes welling light. Mack, looking at her for the hundredth time, thought her the most attractive woman in the world.

"Our job," Fanny summarized it, "is

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"I haven't made up my mind yet," she replied cheerfully. "I only know that somehow I have to go to New York, and that the rest will all be plain sailing." "Darn' plain," Christopher said simply

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Pinch Hitter

Ed Murray, ball player, proves that he can take it—a story to remember should you ever see some fond dream die

By Talbert Josselyn

THROUGH twenty years of minor-league baseball, Ed Murray had continued to carry one abiding hope—that some day he would be sent to the major leagues.

The hope had been with him on that first morning when, as a youthful rookie—powerful, raw-boned, plain of face, given to few words—he had joined his home-city club at its spring training camp. It had been with him through the ensuing years; years that had seen a score and more of his team-mates go up to big-league stardom; go up to wealth and fame. It had continued even after the tide of youth, no longer running with him, had slackened, had for the moment stood still, and then had begun to flow the opposite way.

Still, somehow, he had hoped. Until now.

Now he sat in the manager's office, a tanned, powerful figure, with a sprinkling of gray in his hair, with crow's-feet about eyes that had gazed years-long from the sun-field position. Sat listening, slowly chewing his tobacco.

"I'm sorry, Ed," said the manager. "But you can see how it is. Your legs haven't stood up this spring like I hoped they would. So young Casper gets the call in right field."

There fell a moment's silence, broken only by the clock on the wall; the clock that Ed Murray had known for twenty years. Tick, tock . . . tick, tock.

The manager, watching Ed Murray's face, hastened on:

"But you'll be kept as utility fielder, and if young Casper doesn't come through, you'll go right back in. And meantime, you'll be our number one pinch hitter."

Again there was silence; silence broken only by the clock. Tick, tock . . . tick, tock.

Again the manager hastened words: "That's a great record you've had, Ed. I don't know anybody in the league that's had one like it. Almost twenty years of high-grade baseball with the same club. Yes, sir, that's some record!"

AND Ed Murray, sitting there—Ed Murray, now no longer a regular, but a utility player, a pinch hitter . . . Ed Murray, graying of hair, crowding forty—now knew that indeed it had been a great record. Knew, when now there was no longer any chance of his going to the majors, that really there never had been any chance; knew that hope . . . had been only hope. That he had only been good enough for the minors.

He had become an institution with that club. He had seen them all come and go.

Go. He winced. He had seen many a one . . . go to the majors. They had gone and he had remained. In time some of them had returned; had again become minor-league players. But now their manner, their whole being, was different; they were men who had journeyed to the far heights of baseball, and who had now returned with tales to tell; tales to which the stay-at-home, the prosaic Ed Murray, could but listen. He had nothing to tell.

And now . . . now he would never have anything to tell. He would always be like the man who, longing to journey afar, had been fated never to leave his home town. Minor-league Ed. . . .

He rose from his chair. His voice came a little creakily as he faced the manager.

"Thanks." He brought his jaws together. "I'll make the grade."

Ed Murray, pinch hitter, made the grade.

In the ensuing weeks, in the times that he went up to bat as a pinch hitter with the crisis of the game upon him, he was the same Ed Murray that he had always been—dependable, giving everything that he had, always trying.

But now he was more than all that. Never before spectacular, never before rising to those utterly brilliant heights of play that mark the star—nature had never endowed Ed Murray that way—it was as though nature, after waiting all these years, was now giving him all that she had heretofore denied. Like a torch that flames highest toward the end of its burning, so old Ed Murray, pinch hitter, flamed that spring and summer across his minor league's sky.

HE HIT any and all of the opposing pitchers. He hit the league's most sensational pitcher the hardest of all. The Kid, not the league's best pitcher—a dozen others outranked him—but the league's most sensational one, with his speed, his curve and his wildness. Walk three men in a row, and then strike out the next three—that was The Kid. Already he was under option of a major-league club.

His specialty was his curve, which broke across the plate like forked lightning. Nobody seemed to be able to do anything with that.

Except Ed Murray.

Drama, full-packed, in the three times that Ed Murray, pinch hitter, had faced The Kid. Drama such as Ed Murray had never been able to put on when he was a regular—when he was the dependable, the nothing-spectacular, the everyday Ed Murray. But now old Ed Murray, pinch hitter, fighting to stay the season out, fighting to round out his twenty years. And The Kid, the comer, on his way up to the big leagues—out to show why he was on his way up to those leagues.

A halt in the game. A halt during the latter innings, when suddenly it began to look, with a runner on base, as though Ed Murray's team might be able to score that run—a run so badly needed by a team battling desperately to keep its standing in the pennant race.

A halt. A figure coming out from a dugout. A familiar figure, powerful, tanned of face, jaws slowly moving to the rhythm of chewing upon plug tobacco. The loud-speaker announcing: "Murray, batting for . . ." and giving the name of the batter he was replacing. And, without hurry, old Ed Murray walking toward the plate.

The stands giving voice. Roar on roar. Youth facing middle age. Youth, scheduled to go up to the majors; middle age, striving to round out twenty years in the minors.

The pitch. Another. Another. The Kid, putting everything that he had on the ball; old Ed, waiting . . . waiting for the one that he wanted.

And then—crack! The resounding sound of bat meeting ball. A white comet streaking down the right-field line. Fair ball! The stands—friends or enemies—in bedlam. Old Ed Murray, racing, lumbering, rounding first, digging out for second; going for second with everything he had, sliding into the bag in a great shower of dirt.

The run coming home. A chance at the game.

And Ed Murray . . . rounding out twenty years.

MIDSUMMER made its warm presence felt. As it did so, there came rumors. . . . Rumors of dissatisfaction among club stockholders as to the way the team was being handled; demand for a new manager.

Rumor became fact. The new manager arrived—no less a person than Steve Braden. Steve Braden, who, in his time, had been the greatest catcher in baseball; the spark plug, during his playing days, of a major-league team that had out-fought, had out-thought, all opposition; had swept through to league championships, to world championships.

Steve Braden arrived, and Ed Murray, pinch hitter, sitting there in the dugout, chewed his tobacco a little faster. A younger-looking man, this famous catcher, this new manager, than Ed Murray had expected to see. Though his hair was gray, there was almost a boyish freshness about Steve Braden's face; a bronzed face out of which blue eyes looked with startling clearness. Eyes that looked . . . right through. A fine, mobile mouth; white teeth; a ready smile.

A smile . . . until the work of the day began. Then, no smile, and eyes that had lost all humor; that had become narrowed, intent on the day's business.

He had been recommended for this job by his old-time manager, The Old Man, famous winner of pennants. . . . Still a winner of pennants. Rumor had it that there was an agreement between The Old Man's club and this minor-league one wherein likely players, comers, of the minor-league team were to be sent up to The Old Man when they had proved themselves ready.

ED MURRAY, hearing it, had for an instant felt the old-time consuming fire go through him. The fire, the hope, as in other days, whenever new managers had come to the club; now . . . now for a chance, perhaps, to be sent to the majors!

But this time, no sooner had Ed Murray felt it than it was gone. Gone, as the other will-o'-the-wisp fires and hopes should have gone, on the same instant that they had been felt, had been hoped. The major leagues? They were not for him.

He'd be lucky if he kept his job as pinch hitter, here in his own minor league. Not that he wasn't banging 'em on the nose, but . . . He gazed out across the diamond; his face whitened; he set his teeth in his tobacco.

Got to keep on making good—better than good. Got to!

Luck might be with him. The team was on the road, playing in the city of its keenest opponent; the opponent that had The Kid as its sensational pitcher. If The Kid pitched today, there might be a chance of his going in and . . .

The batteries were announced. . . . The Kid was going in!

Ed Murray took quick breath; sat back on the dugout bench.

He sat back—and Steve Braden, one-time great catcher, now manager of a minor-league club, sat forward. Sat forward, to watch in action, for the first time, this team of his; to watch it, and the enemy.

The enemy pitcher took the mound, young, tall, willowy. To the encouragement of the home-town stands, he began his preliminary pitches.

"Hmm," said the watching Steve Braden. To his cataloguing eyes the young pitcher was almost a dead ringer in manner for Jeff Gilray, the big-league star.

Gilray . . . and Steve Braden frowned. The pitcher who had been such a thorn in the flesh, such a jinx, to The Old Man all season. Six victories for Gilray over The Old Man's team out of seven starts. If they didn't stop him pretty soon . . .

The youngster—The Kid—walked the first batter. He walked the second.

Steve Braden sat back, shaking his head. The young fellow might have all the manner of Jeff Gilray, but when it came to putting the ball over . . .

The Kid struck out the next batter. He struck out the next.

STEVE BRADEN, elbows on the dugout rim, sat with eyes glued on The Kid. Manner of Gilray . . . curve of Gilray! Wild. Wild as a March hare, this kid, which Gilray wasn't; and all the difference between a youngster and a veteran, but at the same time . . .

"*Say!*" said Steve Braden to his assistant beside him on the bench, who had been an old-time big-league pitcher. "This kid's got something!"

"I'll say he has," agreed the assistant laconically.

The third batter popped out weakly.

"*I'll* say he has," repeated the assistant.

The Kid continued to have. In eight innings Steve Braden's team had made but two scratch singles. Ninth inning . . . and the first man walked. And immediately in the dugout there arose commotion, voices; voices along the bench urging, "Ed, Ed. Put in Ed. Start a rally!"

Steve Braden glanced at his assistant, who had been giving him the whys and wherefores of the team until Steve should learn them for himself.

"Sure," agreed the assistant. "Put in Ed." And he nodded toward where Ed Murray sat waiting in the dugout.

The eyes of Steve Braden and of Ed

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Ronald McLeod

He hammered the first ball—reached out and hammered The Kid's lightning-breaking curve

Murray met. Steve, one-time greatest of catchers, and Ed, rounding out—striving to round out—twenty years in the minors. Their eyes met . . . held.

And then Steve Braden was nodding at Ed; was doing more than that. Was rising from the bench, was getting up out of the dugout, along with Ed; was clapping Ed upon the back. For there had been something in the look of this pinch hitter Ed as their eyes held—a something that Steve Braden couldn't at the moment define—yet which had been so potent that Steve had risen as this big, powerful, gray-haired man of the tanned, plain face had risen; had caused him to step up from the dugout with him, to clap him on the back, and to smile. The famous, flashing smile of Steve Braden. And then, to say something encouraging, Steve was saying:

"I guess you know what to do without my telling you."

ED MURRAY did. He strode to the plate faster than ever before. He set himself. And he hammered the first ball that The Kid pitched—reached out and hammered The Kid's lightning-breaking curve . . . for a triple.

What did it matter—what did it matter to Ed Murray—that the next two batters went out; that the game ended with the score three to one against them? In the first time up with Steve Braden, new manager, watching him, he had hammered out a triple; if the old legs had held up—if the old legs had only been a little faster—he might have stretched it to a home run; a home run inside the grounds. That would have been a hit for you!

Well . . . he might hold his job now.

He came in to get his glove, and was met by Steve Braden. A Steve Braden whose blue eyes, dancing with delight, looked him through and through. And the clap on the back that he gave Ed Murray would have crippled a less powerful man.

"Boy!" said Steve Braden. "That's hitting a curve ball!"

"Yeah!" agreed Ed Murray. "That's the kind I like to hit." And then, because he was too happy for words—because it was not in his nature to use words—Ed Murray picked up his glove and went toward the clubhouse.

Steve Braden, one-time big-leaguer, one-time spark plug for The Old Man, stood and almost musingly watched him go.

That evening Steve Braden came out after dinner into the lobby of the hotel where the club was staying. His eye, roving, caught sight of Ed Murray settling himself on a divan and preparing to wrestle through the evening paper. Steve strolled over.

"Hello," he said. "I was just going up to the room to talk over old times with Red and Al. We three haven't gotten together in years. Didn't know but what you'd like to come along."

The speed with which Ed Murray laid aside his paper spoke volumes for the correctness of Steve Braden's surmise. In Steve's room they talked—Steve and Red and Al; Red, the one-time big-league pitcher, and Al, the one-time big-league shortstop . . . and Steve, greatest of all the catchers. They talked, these three; and Ed Murray—Minor-league Ed Murray—listened.

They talked; they journeyed back into a romantic land. Back, and the names of the great in baseball ceased being names; emerged from the shadows of the past to people the room with their presence; to live, youthful, mighty, with these, their familiars—Red and Al and Steve—their equals. And Ed Murray—Minor-league Ed—listening, for the time being ceased being Minor-league Ed. Was swept along, eyes glowing, to live in a land of what might

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The Farmer is Whistling Again!

By William G. Shepherd

Cartoons by William Steig

Heigh-o, the merrio, the farmer's in the dough

1933 prize picture: "The Spread of Contentment"

And for the first time in a dozen years. Why? He's getting more for beef, pork prices are rising, corn too, and the 1933 wheat crop promises to be a real golden harvest, both in color and coin. Now, don't exult over a sudden Utopia—in fact you may do a bit of grousing when you find prices going higher at your local market—but the outlook is decidedly cheerful. Mr. Shepherd didn't go to the farm board or farm leaders for his story, he went to the man in overalls

EVEN a city man could see that that was a whole lot of cow for $58.50. There were lots of roasts and steaks, hamburgers and hot dogs in it that would easily sell for more than that after you got them all separated.

August Benson, happy Iowa farmer—yes, happy—practically introduced me to the critter. He stopped loading it onto a truck to do so.

In the first place, he corrected, it was not cow; it was steer. If you're a city person, your interest in what I have to tell below may lag at this point. I advise you to go on because this animal will be turned into city folks' food before very long, and thus move right up your street.

"Now, that animal," said Mr. Benson, "is just about an average feeding steer. He's on his way to the Chicago stockyards right now. He'll be there by tomorrow afternoon."

Mr. Benson talked about this patient, big-eyed, hairy bundle of roasts and steaks as you and I might talk about an average citizen. "He's the exact type. He weighs 1,300 pounds," Mr. Benson told me. "He's a lot of good meat. Now think of having to sell that critter for only $58.50! And he didn't start from just plumb nothing with me, either.

"He came up here into Iowa on a train about 150 days ago. I paid the freight on him when I bought him. I've been feeding him for the whole 150 days—corn, special fattening food and grass. He weighed 900 pounds when I got him and he's been putting on from two to four pounds a day ever since. Maybe you think $58.50 is a fair price for him but the fact is he cost me more than that, take purchase price, freight, food, shelter, care and all together."

The runway was up against the rear of the truck for the animal to mount. Two hired men stood as patiently as the steer, holding by neck ropes two racial brothers of the animal, also ready to climb into the truck.

No, the steer I had met was not a pet; he was just part of America's millions of steers that come and go; part of a barn full of them that Mr. Benson had fattened for the market, in the so-called "fattening territory" of Iowa. He had no name; he had just been born in Texas like any other steer, had taken a train trip up into the "fattening country" and was now, in the third great experience of his life, riding the last miles he would ever ride toward that operating-room in the great assemblage halls for steers at Chicago from which no steers ever come out alive no matter how hopefully and healthfully they may have entered it.

Well, of course, as any beef-steak-eating city person could see, $58.50 was indeed too small a price for the steer, which by now stood at the front of the truck peering mildly at us through the gratings. This was especially clear and understandable, because Mr. Benson had actually invested more than that sum in it.

Where Two Cents Mean a Lot

"And you're going to get only $58.50 for him?" I asked. I wished the animal would stop looking at us.

"No, sir, I'm sure not," he declared. "I'm talking about last January. I sent off animals like him to Chicago at that time and had to take that money for 'em. Figure it out like this: You read in the market pages that beef is so much a pound. That's only a figure to a city person, but to a farmer it means how many dollar bills he can stick in his pocketbook after he's nursed an animal like this for a long time and then sold it. Four and a half cents a pound was what we were getting out here last January. So here"—he took out a pencil and paper and set down some figures—"so here's how those market quotations of last winter looked to me." His calculation appeared:

1,300 lbs.
× 4.5

6500
5200

$58.50

"Well, what are you going to get for this boy now?" I asked. I had seen without a thrill the market page's drab figures for beef in the Chicago newspaper that day. Mr. Benson again took out pencil and paper.

He stepped out of the road to permit the truck to start off; I noted that the calm and trusting gaze of that "average citizen" of a steer was still tranquilly turned on us as he departed. I shall not eat beef for many a day, except perhaps a steak now and then.

"Here's what we'll get for him today," said Mr. Benson. "Beef has gone up two cents, you know, since last January. That two cents may not sound like much to you but look at this!" He figured:

1,300 lbs.
× 6.5

6500
7800

$84.50

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"Eighty-four dollars and fifty cents today! Fifty-eight dollars and fifty cents last winter! That's the difference."

Now, I do not like figures, either, but though Mr. Benson had begun talking about a steer, we had drifted off into arithmetic.

But what arithmetic! It's the kind you'd like to use when you get an increase in dividends or a raise in salary. Lucky farmers! Twenty-six dollars more than his brothers of last winter, this young steer had brought. That was an increase in price of 44 per cent! It all came within four months. A great burst of sunshine!

From those dark, hopeless days of last winter, when the lament of the bedeviled farmer filled the land, there had come almost suddenly, this spring day on which we were talking, the time when the income of the corn-growing "cattle fatteners" of Iowa had almost doubled; yes, of Iowa and of every other cattle-raising state. But just one more question from a city man to a farmer: Maybe the price that his young steer would bring wouldn't be enough, even if it was an enormous increase, to keep a farmer going.

That 44 per cent jump had started at a pretty low point. Could you keep the beef end of a farm going with six-and-a-half-cent beef?

Happiness Goes Back to the Land

"You bet that price will keep us going," laughed Mr. Benson exultantly. "Just leave us steer-fattening farmers alone here with six-and-a-half or seven-cent beef and we'll be able to pay off our mortgages and get ourselves out of the fix we're in. We'd like to get more and I think we will. But this is good; very good."

"You mean to say," I asked, "that the farmer out here in the fattening district is whistling again, after all his trouble?"

"You're darn' tootin' he's whistling."

"And we city folks will be paying more for the beef we eat," I suggested.

"You know, I wouldn't be a bit surprised."

The official "parity figure" for beef—that is the price of 1910-1914—at which the farmer can make a good living, is fixed at 5½ cents a pound. Mr. Benson was getting a cent a pound more than that!

Whistling farmers! After all that we have heard of their incalculable troubles! Only yesterday it seems, only last week, their woes were national. Wherever I went, in a considerable tour of the Midwest, I found them, the whistling farmers. They made no bones about it. They told me they were happy. And why not?

True enough, I found farm *leaders* who hated to hear of happy farmers. They didn't want me to write about them; they didn't even want me to go out and talk to farmers. Farmers are kind of simple-minded, some of these leaders told me; they get happy when they've no right to. A fellow named Milo Reno had tried to get up a huge farmers' strike only the other day but prices went up so high that the farmers got happy and wouldn't join. These leaders, for the most part, cash in on farmers' troubles. Just so long as the farmer can be made to believe that he is "suffering, bleeding and dying" and these leaders can be oratorically and politically "suffering, bleeding and dying" with him, there's money in the leader's pocket. He takes "dues" in one way or another, only too often.

"Never let everything get all right with the farmer, or I lose my job," is the secret working principle of these leaders. Happy farmers don't pay.

But at this writing, it was just about impossible to make a farmer feel sad.

Could I find an unhappy farmer? Just one? I tried my best.

Where could I stand a better chance than at Denison, Iowa? You remember the town from the newspaper stories of last May; sheriff sales' strike; troops out, and so forth.

Farmer J. F. Shields. He'd surely be unhappy; he'd have a different slant on things from other farmers. He'd be ruined; all the United States knew about his case. He owed $1,900 to his landlord. The sheriff tried to sell him out; sell his corn, his hogs, his cattle, his horses on a chattel mortgage, because he couldn't pay his rent. A crowd of men had gathered at the sale and had stopped all high bidding.

But a few days later Iowa state troops, called out by the governor, had appeared on the scene, putting up their tents and settling down for trouble; privates with rifles and machine gunners—three hundred men in all, officers and soldiers.

A Dearth of Horrid Examples

Mr. Shields, when the second sale was set, saw truckloads of soldiers filling his place. There was a great ruckus between the troops and the "holiday strikers" who were trying to stop the sale, and sixty-six men, mostly all with black eyes or cut heads, were arrested.

And Mr. Shields' corn, hogs, horses and cattle were duly sold out at auction.

Certainly Mr. Shields would be my unhappy farmer, so I went to Denison. Only the day before, the last squad of the state militia had departed. They gave me the room in the hotel which the major himself had used.

No, Mr. Shields hadn't gone away a ruined man. He wasn't in the poorhouse, either. Where was he? Why, out at the farm, as usual. So I went out.

There was a huge outdoor stack of 1,000 bushels of corn in the yard. I saw pigs and cattle and horses.

"Why, nothing left the place," Mr. Shields told me. "My son bought everything in at the sale. And the price of everything has gone up so much that we're practically out of debt."

"Your son bought it?"

"Yes, and he certainly made plenty of money by it. See that stack of corn? There's a thousand bushels there. When corn was so low last February, that whole stack was only worth $120. That's a lot of corn for that money. At the sale my son, who's got a good job in the men's clothing store in town, bid in that stack of corn at twenty cents a bushel. He paid two hundred dollars for that lot.

"Now, today [it was late in May] he can get thirty-two cents a bushel for it; three hundred and twenty dollars for the lot. Matter of fact, he's got another thousand bushels in storage in town, with the elevator ready to take it when he gives the word. I suppose he'll hold it toward fifty cents a bushel. And it cost him twenty cents!

"Our hogs have gone up, too, a lot, and so have cattle. Looks like we're out of the woods, at last."

"Troubles over?" I said.

"All except a few hundred dollars, and this rise in prices takes care of that whenever we think things have gone high enough to sell."

"Looks pretty good to you?" I asked, perhaps wistfully; he was about my last chance (with certain reservations which I shall describe later) at an unhappy farmer.

"You bet it looks good," said Mr. Shields. My photographer wanted him to stand beside the magic, golden-hued corn pile that had almost tripled in value, and be photographed.

"Not for a million dollars," said Mr. Shields. "We've had publicity enough. All we farmers out here want is to be let alone by newspapers and politicians and agitators and everybody else. Things are going right good just now and we want to keep them that way."

I had talked in Washington to experts about how the farmer was getting along and in Chicago with farm leaders and even with grain and livestock dealers, but you must get out among these farmers and see them and talk to them to realize what a tremendous thing happened to their pocketbooks, during the space of about two months—April and May. By the time this article appears it is almost certain that the increase in food prices will have been passed on, in part at least, to you and me, in the grocery store and the meat market, but that bridge must be crossed when we get to it. The point of this article is to tell what happened to the farmer, who for a dozen years had seen prices falling, when the upward turn finally came to him and he saw prices advancing by leaps and bounds.

High Hog Happiness

It was bad—very bad—at low. A farmer took a load of scrubby, lightweight hogs to market in a Nebraska town.

It was last January; he must get a 1933 license for his truck; he was a few days late; it would cost fifteen dollars. He'd buy it out of the hog money.

"I'll have a new license in a few minutes," he told the town policeman who challenged him.

An hour later the policeman saw him again, his truck empty.

(Continued on page 36)

"What! No oats for sale?"

No more bogeymen

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Meet the Family

By Paul Jones

The romance of a diplomat who bumped into a young thing who forgot to remember

THIS was when I was a motorman on Route 18, starting over on the west side and ending up at the airport. Jack Ball was my conductor. We had the 6-to-2:30 shift, daytime. It's a nice run. After ten o'clock, when you've got all the customers down on the job, things are pretty quiet.

We used to lay over at the airport for five minutes till the next car pulled in and Jack and I would get to talking. I remember one day he said: "I see you made the grade with that girl that gets on at Rockway Avenue."

"You mean Helen Connelly?" I asked him.

"He knows her name and everything," said Jack.

"I not only know her name," I told him, "but I've been out to her house and met her folks. As a matter of fact, I got a date with her tonight."

"Let me give you a piece of advice," he began.

"Just a minute, Jack," I said, flagging him. "Before you start making any wisecracks I want to tell you this is serious with me, and I don't stand for anyone making any remarks about a girl I'm going to marry."

"You mean it's all set?" he asked.

"I wouldn't say that," I admitted, "but I was figuring on breaking the news to her any day now."

"Listen," he said, "don't get me wrong. I got nothing against Helen. She's a nice kid."

"I'll say she is," I told him. "How about that smile?"

"Sure," said Jack. "A million dollars. What I mean is—"

"Did you ever notice," I asked him, "that way she has of looking up at you from under the brim of her hat? Makes you feel as if you were on a razzle-dazzle."

"What I was going to say," he went on in a loud voice, as if I hadn't said anything, "was this: Maybe I can give you a few pointers on marriage."

"What do you know about it?" I cut in.

"*Beaucoup*," he said. "I been married three times."

That was a laugh. I mean Jack's older than me and he's been around a lot, here, there and everywhere, but if he guessed wrong three times how did that make him an expert? You might as well ask a Chinese general how to win a war.

"Let me tell you something," he went on. "Every time I was married it was busted up by relatives. Now, you've been out to this girl's house and met her father and mother, say—"

"Check," I told him, "and her brother Ed and her aunt Josie. So what?"

"If you're anything like I was at your age," he said, "you just shook hands with them, and let it go at that. That's what I used to do. I couldn't wait till I got the girl out of the house. I used to trample the old folks underfoot, practically. What I mean, they knew the gas inspector better than they did me. And what was the result? The result was, the first time I lost my job, or got arrested or something, they were all against me."

"Say," I told him, "I'm marrying Helen, not her family."

"That's what I used to say," he broke in. "But suppose, after you're married, you and Helen have a fight—"

"We're not going to have any fights," I said.

"Well, suppose you do—"

"WHAT would we fight about?" I asked him.

"Anyhow," he yelled, "say you have a fight. Which is better? To have her family going around saying, 'We could have told you not to marry that clown,' or have them cheering for you?"

"I get what you mean," I said, "but what am I supposed to do about it?"

"All I'm telling you is," Jack went on, "take my advice and make a little character with the family. Let them know you realize they're human beings. Put yourself over in a big way. What is it? Nothing but a problem in salesmanship, that's all."

So I got up and started pulling on my gloves, because when Jack begins to talk about salesmanship you can't stop him. He took a course in it once, and it went to his head. All the time we're walking over to the car he kept up this line. "What's the secret of selling?" he asked me. "It's the Indirect Approach. Say you want to interest a fellow in a line of goods you're selling and maybe nail him for a good fat order. You don't talk about fire hose, or can openers, or whatever it is you're peddling, because it's a cinch he isn't interested. Let him talk about himself. Find out what he's interested in, and—"

"Come on, Jack," I told him. "Let's get going." The other car was in sight.

It's funny how a dopey idea like that will stick in your mind. You laugh at it and think you've forgotten it, and then something comes up, and maybe it don't seem so dumb, after all.

Anyhow, I went out to see Helen that night and the first person I meet, on the front lawn, is her mother. The Connellys had one of those places, halfway between the city and the suburbs, with plenty of roses climbing around the porch, and a chicken run in the back yard.

"Good evening, Mrs. Connelly," I said.

She just looked at me. "Helen's out back," she told me. She wasn't for me and she wasn't against me. It was like she said: "The gas meter's in the cellar." I mean that's what made me think of Jack's line.

So, instead of going on back as I would have done, I stood there, watching her pick bugs off the roses, and finally I said: "They're nice roses you got there, Mrs. Connelly."

She warmed up a little. "I won a prize last year with these roses," she told me, "from the Little Garden Club."

"You don't say," I said. "You must be an expert."

FROM then on she did all the talking and I just listened. I don't know whether you know it or not, but it's quite a trick to grow roses. I mean they all got different names and there's a lot of stunts connected with raising them, like cutting them back at the right time, and so forth. No fooling. I got quite a kick out of listening to the old girl. She could have talked for hours, with me saying "Unhuh" and "Is that a fact?" and her warming up to me more every minute.

We'd still be there, I guess, because I couldn't see any way of stopping her, only Helen came around the corner of the house.

"I was just telling your young man about my roses," Mrs. Connelly said.

"Oh, Mother," Helen broke in, "he doesn't want to hear about roses. Do you, Joe?"

"I don't know why not," I said. "I thought it was very interesting."

If I'd really been selling something I'd have pushed a fountain pen in the old lady's hand right then, because she beamed all over her face. Then she said: "You two run along and let me finish picking these bugs off before it

Illustrated by Elmore Brown

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gets dark." I saw her and Helen exchange looks and first I thought I was in wrong, but Helen gave my arm a little squeeze, so I knew everything was O. K.

We walked around the side of the house and she let me kiss her and with the smell of the roses and the light from the sunset, I was going to ask her right then would she marry me, but somebody in the back yard gave a scream and I looked around and saw a rooster making for the fence.

So I lit out after the rooster and finally I got him cornered and picked him up. If you ever want a good work-out try to catch one of those things.

Anyhow, I took the bird back to the chicken run and Aunt Josie couldn't get over how nice I was. It seems she's vice president in charge of chickens.

"O. K.," I told her. "Don't mention it."

The only way you could describe Aunt Josie would be to say she looked like her name. I mean she was a nice old girl, but nobody had ever given her a tumble, and she was all wrapped up in her poultry. So Helen and I stood

So I lit out after the rooster. If you ever want a good work-out try to catch one of those things

there for another half-hour while Aunt Josie told me all about chickens. I didn't know the difference between a Rhode Island Red and a Plymouth Rock, and I don't know it now, because I found out all I had to do was stand there, holding Helen's hand, where Aunt Josie couldn't see, and make a face like I was listening.

IT WENT over big at that. When we went inside Helen kissed me again and said it was darling of me to be so nice to Aunt Josie, who was really all right, although queer sometimes, and would do anything for you. I mean I stood ace-high, and if I'd used my head I would have proposed right away, but there weren't any roses around, and no sunset, so I thought I'd wait a while.

We got to playing the piano and singing and, before I knew it, it was eleven o'clock. Aunt Josie came to the door and beckoned to Helen and it turned out she'd gone down to the cellar and had brought out a bottle of dandelion wine.

It didn't have any more kick than near-beer, but the old thought was there. "She must consider you're one of the family," Helen told me, "because Aunt Josie is very careful about this wine and only gives it out on special occasions."

That looked like a good opening, so I said: "Let's make it a special occasion. What do you say?" But she pretended she didn't know what I meant and, when I tried to get serious, she just laughed and pushed me out the door. Everything was still O. K. between us, because she let me kiss her again.

"I didn't see your father and your brother Ed around," I said when I told her good night.

"They went down to the boxing bouts," she told me, and then I had to sprint to catch the last car.

The next day I didn't have a date with her but I couldn't get her out of my mind and I got this brilliant idea: I'd go out to the house and surprise her.

This time her old man was sitting on the steps smoking his pipe and nobody else was in sight. I said hello and he said hello, sort of sore, like he was thinking, "Is this guy in again?" so I sat down beside him.

"I hear you went to the fights last night," I said, following the old system.

He gave me a dirty look. "Are you one of these fight fans, too?" he growled.

"I wouldn't say that," I stalled. "I go once in a while."

"Listen," he said, "anybody that goes to fights these days is a sap. The only reason I went last night was because Ed bought the tickets."

"You're probably right," I told him. "I hear they're all fixed."

He knocked his pipe out and put it in his pocket. "Bunk," he said. "You must believe everything you read in the papers. The only trouble is they don't know how to fight."

I SAW I wasn't getting anywhere, so I got up and started to ask him where Helen was when he took his pipe out of his pocket and pointed it at me like a pistol. "Why should anybody pay three bucks to see a fight," he asked me, "when for the same amount of money you can see three ball games?"

Say, that was right down my alley. I been following baseball ever since I was ten years old. I sat down again and we started to chin about ball players. I could go back almost as far as he could, because, in the old days when I wasn't more than twelve, I used to hang around morning practice and shag flies for the batters.

"Well," I said finally, "I guess I better go in and see Helen."

"Sure," he said, "go ahead. She's probably out in the kitchen, doing the dishes. Go right on back."

I still don't see why she got sore at me. Maybe I shouldn't have busted in on her that way, but she looked so pretty with a big, clean apron on and a lock of hair falling across her forehead that I sneaked up in back of her and gave her a kiss before she knew I was there.

"For heaven's sake," she screamed. "Where did you come from?"

"I thought I'd surprise you," I said.

She just looked at me. "You might at least telephone," she snapped. Her eyes were throwing out sparks. What I mean, I didn't know they could, and then they filled up, and she rushed out of the kitchen and up the back stairs.

I'll leave it to you, if that wasn't a funny way to act after I'd come all the way out there to surprise her. I figured she'd come down again soon, so I hung around the kitchen, and just for something to do, I finished the dishes for her.

The water was boiling hot, so it wasn't any trouble, except I nearly scalded myself, and I broke two saucers and a plate. And then I noticed this funny noise down the cellar: Bumpety-bump-bump,bump-bump-bump-bumpety. It sounded like something was wrong, so finally it dawned on me, and I said to myself: "Unhuh! Somebody left the hot-water heater on, and if it ain't turned off soon the boiler's going to blow up."

The cellar door was right there, so I opened it and went down the stairs. The first thing I saw was Helen's

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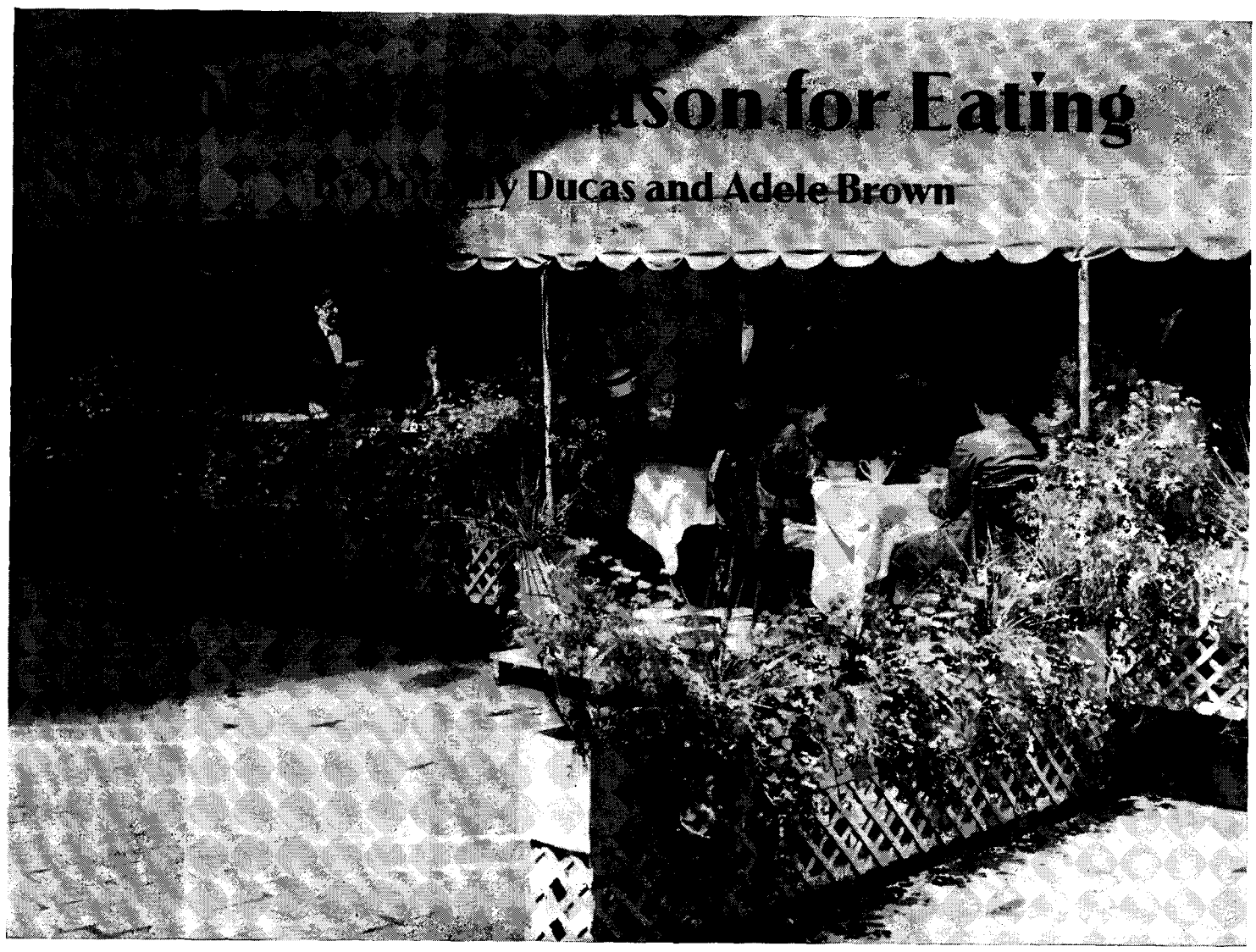

ason for Eating

y Ducas and Adele Brown

Photographed for Collier's by Anton Bruehl

New Yorkers lunching in the open at the Hotel Chatham's new sidewalk café

Make a habit of eating out-of-doors and you won't want to stop when summer ends. There's something about it, says Courtney Borden, who has eaten in all likely places from a screened porch on rainy days to a mountain top in the snow. Here she gives you the ingredients of successful outdoor meals

Picnicking in a Mississippi cornfield; Mrs. Borden on your right

DINNER is served." A darky in livery flung open the glass doors overlooking the garden.

"Let's go out," said the hostess.

Inwardly she blessed that darky for arriving at the very moment when, introductions and greetings over, all the guests had suddenly become tongue-tied and formal in the rather stately drawing-room of this old Virginia mansion. Outdoors it was different. Under a magnolia tree in full bloom, a long table was spread with a striped red, white and blue cloth. The slanting sun caught and turned to sapphire the blue tumblers that stood in sharp contrast to red-rimmed white plates. Gay on each chair was a flat red and white checked cushion.

"Yes, if continued indoors that would have been a very dull party indeed," recounted Courtney Borden, "instead of the success that it was. In fact, I was beginning to feel sorry for my hostess. But conversation quickened and became natural almost as soon as we stepped out into the fading sunshine. Common interests were discovered over the hors d'œuvres. And in another course or two strangers were laughing and talking together like friends of long standing. Sometimes I wish I might never have to eat inside the house at all! It's so much more *fun* out where the crickets sing."

That is the prime reason why Mrs. Borden, sportswoman and enthusiastic traveler, has become an ardent champion of open-air eating. There are other reasons, too. She listed them, her hazel eyes, set wide apart in her face, sparkling.

Eating outdoors makes food taste much better. It makes for originality in entertaining. It breaks down formality. It presents a more vivid picture. It fulfills a childish desire to go picnicking. It inspires to new heights of conversational piquancy. But most of all, it brings people closer to one another.

Mrs. Borden was initiated into the sacred rite of eating outdoors as a child on a ranch in Wyoming. Since then, she has lunched or dined among the ice floes of Siberia, beside a mountain stream in Alaska, in the cornfields of Mississippi, on the sands of Chesapeake Bay, on a terrace in Washington, D. C., on a mountain top in Switzerland, on a roof in Chicago. She is one of this country's best-known outdoor hostesses.

"At any time, anywhere, I would rather eat out-of-doors than in any dining-room," said Mrs. Borden. "What happened at that dinner party in Warrenton, Virginia, happens over and over again, in every part of the world. Serve any human his dinner on a porch or in a garden or on a roof, serve him conveniently and attractively, and he will find everything tastes a hundred per cent better than it would eaten indoors.

"People ought to get out where they can breathe in the odor of grass and trees. I have never enjoyed anything half so much as lunch by a trout stream or under a gnarled apple tree! Compared to that, an indoor meal offers only a ceiling that feels heavy on the head and walls that seem to close about you."

There is scarcely a home that cannot be adapted to open-air eating. A neglected back yard, weed-grown and adorned with clotheslines, can be transformed with potted plants, a can of paint, a striped awning. A bit of roof over the porch can be made into a boat deck. One batch of enterprising tenants of an apartment house in Jones Street in New York City got together last summer and made their tar-topped roof a community haven for open-air dining, wreathed with varicolored lights.

But if you can't be a gypsy at home, there are always picnics. Picnics need not be casual, hit-or-miss affairs. It is just as easy, according to Frank J. Leney, New York hotel manager, to prepare and pack delicacies as to wrap up the conventional fried chicken, pickles, hard-cooked eggs and watery lemonade.

Most men do not like family picnics, because they suggest messy fingers, sand in the food, dry sandwiches and the diagonal line of a lap as table. But a picnic properly planned can be an everyday luxury.

It can be in a public park, at the end of a motor highway, on a beach, a fire-escape, or at the side of a bridle path. Its chief ingredient can be cold chicken pie, instead of greasy drumsticks and wings. The pot pie of shredded chicken, chopped mushrooms, potatoes in balls and cream can be baked in earthenware casseroles the day before, kept on ice and carried into the woods tightly covered with their own earthenware lids. Each guest opens his own dish under the trees. Even sandwiches can be exotic. Did you ever hear of lettuce and

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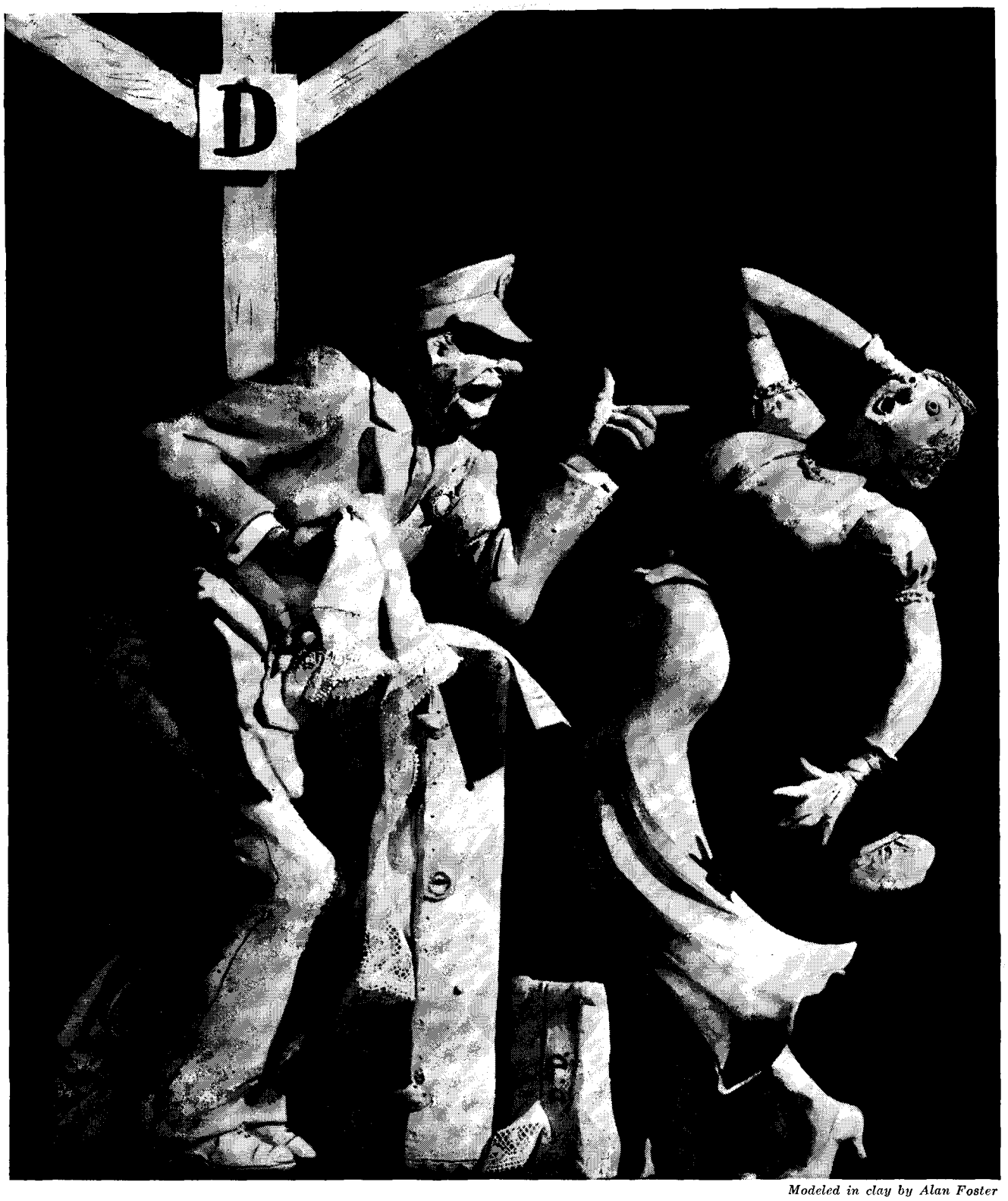
Customs of the Country

By James B. Herzog

as told to

John B. Kennedy

Glass buttons cease to be glass buttons when they are white; soap becomes artificial fruit when it is molded; women's handkerchiefs are wearing apparel but men's are not. These are a few of the decisions that make our customs house a sort of Wonderland where importers lose their shirts and customs brokers lose their minds. Here one of the latter tells all



Modeled in clay by Alan Foster

IN PARIS they told Mr. John Dough, who was eager to learn, how he could put a fast one over on Uncle Sam. Mr. Dough, whose home was in a large Middle-Western city, had gone on a continental shopping jag. At one of the most exclusive stores in Paris he had spent money like a drunken sailor.

He bought dozens of the most costly cravats—visions in voluptuous silks, richly shimmering like condensed rainbows. There were silk shirts to blend with the cravats, socks to dazzle the blind—and he had thrown in, for his wife, two or three dozen pairs of gossamer hose that seemed to have been woven by the most snobbish spiders.

His bill for all these sybaritic fineries was outrageously high, even for a store that derived its merchandise from the most famous producers and its price list from the most infamous pirates. But a sales bandit initiated him. He spoke smooth English and knew human nature. Mr. Dough could readily have paid the bill of duty for his imports; but he cherished the desire of most traveling Americans to gyp his home government.

The clerk referred him to a place where he could buy a trick trunk—one not with a false bottom—that's too old a gag. He bought one with a false top, so cleverly contrived that its lid had an illusion of depth that did not exist. The clerk, of course, received a commission on the sale of the trunk as on the sale of the finery.

He also received a commission on something else. Obligingly he initiated Mr. Dough into the technique of amateur smuggling. He showed him how to compress many things in small space; how to hang precious ties and jewel-like stockings within trousers legs in trunk hangers. John Dough, Esq., checked the trunk to his stateroom.

In due time, Mr. Dough and the trunk arrive on a New York dock. He follows the Paris clerk's tip and delays leaving the ship until most of the passengers have debarked. This is supposed to be technique, on the theory that after two or three hours of steady baggage poking the customs examiners are tired or bored and disposed to skip late arrivals.

Mr. Dough steps to the customs wicket, produces the declaration he has carefully made on the boat. He takes an oath that he comes within the one hundred dollars' import limit permitted returning Americans. A blunt-chinned examiner escorts him to the letter D. Casually, almost indifferently, Mr. Dough opens the trunk. His heart is pounding, but his face is poker. The examiner plunges two piston-like arms into the hanging garments and without any trouble at all reveals Mr. Dough's skillfully hidden cravats, socks, stockings and the rest.

His rôle of importer without consent of the government costs Mr. Dough double the duty on the stuff he tried to smuggle, plus a penalty of several hundred dollars, plus mental wear and tear under an official threat of prosecution for committing perjury in his declaration.

That clerk in Paris made a double-headed commission, on selling the dutiable goods to Mr. Dough, and on selling Mr. Dough to the government. In his solicitude that Mr. Dough should return home with his imports carefully checked by the American customs, this clerk had notified officers at the American customs that Mr. Dough carried dutiable goods and where and how he carried them. The American government paid that clerk twenty-five per cent of Mr. Dough's penalties. And Mr. Dough never knew who betrayed him, although he's learned, as everybody should, not to trust anybody, foreign or domestic, who counsels a customer how to gyp the government. When they're honest they're crooked, and when they're crooked they make a thorough job of it.

The Price of Ignorance

They're almost as annoying, and almost as expensive, when they know too little about the United States tariff as when they know too much. A woman buying beautiful and costly undergarments abroad takes the precaution of inquiring from the clerk what duty she'll have to pay to pass the customs. He replies glibly, sixty per cent. And he's right, until the purchaser specifies that she wants the garments initialed. Her monogram is put on them in tasteful embroidery, and she brings her expensive shopping back to America. She's prepared to pay sixty per cent of the invoice value of the stuff to get it through, but is dismayed when an inspector tells her the toll is ninety per cent. He explains that the monogram on the garments brings them under the embroidery classification and subjects them to the higher rate of duty. The clerk should have explained that at the time of purchase and saved his customer heavy expense.

These personal experiences of collisions with the customs law have made tens of thousands of Americans aware of their country's tariff and the strict enforcement of its provisions. As one-man or one-woman importers they run into that law whenever they cross an international border. It may give them—it should—an idea of the vigilance with which Uncle Sam watches the ports of admission to his domain. Yet, while it's a colossal job to examine the baggage of the hundreds of thousands passing through the hands of the customs, that acquaintance with the tariff in action, which is all the average citizen experiences in a long and law-abiding

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Starlight Rider

By Ernest Haycox

The Story Thus Far:

SHOT by a hidden enemy, Hugh Tracy, a young cattleman, is rushed to a hospital. He recovers, returns to his home—to find it wrecked by vandals! While viewing the ruins, someone shoots at him. Mounting, he gallops in the direction of the shot. A girl, rifle in hand, stops him. "I'm Lynn Isherwood," she announces calmly. "I shot to warn someone, *not* to kill you."

The girl is beautiful. Interested, Tracy questions her. Her answers are cryptic. When she rides away, though, he is thoroughly alarmed—knows that he must "get" his enemy. . . . Two rival outfits—Tade Shadrow's and the Double 'Ought, owned by the Testervis brothers, Bat and Morgan—are struggling for control of the Powder desert region. Tracy owns some water which both factions want. One of them, he feels sure, is plotting his death. . . . Preparing for trouble, Shadrow has imported a number of gunmen. Seated in his headquarters, with Lake Tolbert, his foreman, he summons his most reliable killer: Sid Maunders. "I've just fired Willy Bones," he announces. "Follow him—*you know what to do.*" The trio then discuss Tracy. Maunders wants to kill him. "No," Shadrow drawls, "you can't do it *now.*" He turns to Tolbert. "Send thirty men up close to Testervis' lines, back of Tracy's. I'm about ready for business, and—"

The door opens and Tracy steps in. He has come to ask some leading questions about his recent troubles—and he does so, fearlessly. Shadrow merely laughs at him. "I've got nothing against you," he says. "But I've got some good advice for you. There's a fight coming within thirty days. You better throw in with me."

Tracy makes no promises. He rides back to his home. Lynn Isherwood is there! "I've been tidying the house up a bit," she laughs. "It's my way of apologizing for shooting at you!" They converse *for a time; then*— "We *must not* meet again," the girl says, and rides away. Out of sight of the house, a man is waiting for her: Bat Testervis. "Better keep away from Hugh Tracy," he warns her. The girl frowns. "And you," she says, "had better keep away from me." With which she gallops away. . . . Tracy rides to the Testervis headquarters. Morgan Testervis greets him, listens to his questions; then: "I didn't wreck your place. You own that water. We want it. Shadrow wants it. What's the answer?" A rider gallops up, dismounts. Bat Testervis. "See you're back, Tracy," he says slowly.

III

HUGH only nodded, not particularly astonished at the younger brother's lack of enthusiasm. Strong as iron, showy, jealous of his varied abilities, and loving popularity, Bat Testervis held a sort of arrogant resentment against Hugh Tracy for the latter's rough-and-tumble record in the Powder; once, challenging Tracy's physical ability, he had met him at Indian wrestling, to be thrown severely on the flat of his back three times in succession. Never at any subsequent time was he more than civil. At present he ignored Tracy.

"Where you been?" demanded Morgan.

"Oh, ridin' the south end."

"Just full of business that way lately," said the older man, glumly.

"What of it?" snapped Bat.

"One day you'll run into the Shadrow bunch and there'll be hell to pay. Maybe you're willing to start something, but you won't finish it. Use your head once in a while."

A line of riders came out of a gully and crossed the road

Bat stared at his brother. "Stay home and knit socks, uh? I don't think much of your spunk. I've said before and I'll repeat, there's no way out of this except to get every man together, go over there and smash TS off the plateau."

"Or be smashed off."

"My God, where's your sand? Catch 'em when they ain't lookin'."

"I don't fight that way," said Morgan, slowly.

"No. You'll sit here twiddlin' your thumbs till they come on the shoot."

"As long as I run this outfit," added Morgan, flattening each word, "I will handle things my style. A lot of men are going to get killed. I will not have the responsibility for beginnin' that on my conscience."

BAT rose with an emphasized gesture of disgust, walking around the house. Morgan roused himself. "What are you going to do, Hugh?"

"I saw him today. He offered to buy," drawled Tracy. "I told him to forget it."

"What was his answer?"

"Plain enough. His declaration was that when trouble started I'd have to get on one side or the other and that if I guessed the wrong side I was out of luck."

"And you will be."

"I know it," agreed Hugh. "But I will not buckle under to Tade Shadrow, Morgan. Not now, or ever."

Morgan Testervis stirred. "Listen. It's mighty disagreeable to say this—and I ain't forcin' your hand at all. You better sell out to me. You can't hold against him. I think I can. At any rate, single-handed, you'll lose—and I'll lose, too—that water. Sounds cold-blooded but it's war."

"In the morning I'm going to Antelope for a new bunch of wire. I'll string it. Next time Shadrow tries to cut it, we'll see. No, I won't sell."

"Didn't think you would," said Morgan regretfully.

Hugh Tracy rose, turned on Testervis. "But I'm in with you, Morgan."

Testervis jumped to his feet, moved by deep pleasure. "You are! Good! Good! I wouldn't ask it, but I hoped mighty hard to hear you throw in. Now, if there is anything you want, say so. Money, men—"

"You're in it with both feet?" said Tracy, mildly surprised at the other man's show of sudden energy.

"Tracy, I'm no fighter. But nobody knows how much sweat and worry went into the making of this ranch. If Shadrow has his way, it's all wiped out and the Testervis family goes down. I will not let him do it. I will not!"

"Lend me half a sack of grub," said Hugh. "I've got to get back before it's too dark. I don't care so much for starlight riding as I used to."

Morgan Testervis nodded, passing inside the house. Bat walked into sight again.

"You're stickin' it out, Tracy?" he asked.

"Why not?" countered Hugh.

Bat shrugged his shoulders. "You'll find most of your good friends have busted the breeze."

"They'll be back."

"I doubt it," contradicted Bat. He stared at Tracy, on the verge of saying something more. Instead, he turned off and stood on a porch step.

"You've got your fight," observed Tracy. "It'll be right under your nose."

Bat laughed, short and sardonic. "My fight? Morgan's, you mean. My way doesn't suit him. And if he gets us into a jam, he can struggle along by himself."

Morgan came out, handing a half-filled gunnysack to Tracy. "Anything else?"

Hugh swung the sack over the saddle horn and mounted. "Not now. Listen, Morgan, you'd better keep a line of men strung out, relay style, towards my place."

"Already done. You'll see them now and then."

"So long," said Tracy and cantered off.

THE pines were aswirl with powder-colored shadows when Hugh entered them. Beyond, between the low ridges, full night caught him—a moonless night, broken by a crystal starlight. Dimly, he caught the moving bulk of a rider against the lesser darkness above the western ridge top. He guessed it to be the Testervis patrol keeping pace with him and presently lost the man altogether as he came upon the pitch gloom of another timbered mass.

Merged with it, he made no target and for a spell he let himself be swayed by that sense of wild freedom that was as much a part of him as the blood in his veins. This was his world, complete and satisfying.

But the mood passed as the trees dropped away and he entered the barrens. As distinctly as the broken lines of Mogul plateau stood out, so the joined silhouette of himself and the horse stood out. Alert now, unwinking, raking each deceptive pattern of darkness, he followed the bending road as it led away to his own place. The cairn stood somewhere on his right, westward. Solid objects seemed to move; and actually a whole strip of shadow shifted across his vision. Warned, he came to a dead halt.

A line of riders came out of a gully not more than two hundred yards in advance, crossed the road and continued on to the right. Swiftly estimating, he judged the party to be better than thirty strong; and while he watched, it faded into the broken area, beyond his view. The last tinkle of bridle chains and rustle of hoofs ceased.

SITTING still, he debated his course, rapidly. Without doubt those men were Shadrow's, for they came from TS soil; and Morgan Testervis had not spoken of putting one of his own parties out. The odd silence meant something more than a scout; the numbers indicated possible attack. Testervis had to be warned. There was no question of that; but it was a long ride back and he faced the prospect of being treated as an intruder by the roaming Testervis sentries, one of which could not be far removed. The better idea was to give warning now. So, riding from the road into an adjacent ravine, he lifted his gun and fired once at the sky.

The immediate blast was like an explosion and the succeeding echoes rolled on and on. A deeper, more utter silence followed. But out of it presently rose the rush and pound of horsemen on the return. He saw their silhouettes again streaming across the black; he crouched at the gully's rim as they pounded along the road—a smaller body of the main one obviously—and swept by him. Northward a good distance he heard them swing off on a circle, evidently to rejoin the larger group.

He waited until the silence had drawn out. Then he pushed the horse from gully to gully and came to the spur off Mogul. That encounter had roused all of his suspicions and he threaded the trees near his meadow some distance from the main trail. Reaching the clearing, he slipped to the ground and started forward. He had made some noise coming off Mogul and he knew that his own presence was advertised, if an ambush had been established. Not at all certain, but a little comforted by a lack of any intuitive warning—on which he strongly depended—he wheeled around the barn, explored it, and came to the house by the back side. He had a well-used trick

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Matt Clark

Tolbert returned his attention to Tracy. "You are a fool for bein' here today," he said

for the occasion, which was to place one ear flat to the wall. Not the slightest sound indicated intrusions, and finally he crawled to the porch and threw himself into the doorway. Wheeling instantly aside and stiffening, he was met only by a further silence. Yet there had been somebody in the place; for the smell of cigarette smoke clung to the air.

IT TOOK him half an hour to satisfy himself; afterwards he stabled the pony and rolled into his blankets for another night's half-sleep and half-watch.

After breakfast, the fanwise flame of another hot August day spreading out of the low east, Hugh Tracy cantered down the spur, Antelope bound. All the way to the TS rim road it was an empty world; but at that point the mark of many pony hoofs lay on the earth and dust still unsettled the crisp air; around a bend he viewed a compact body of horsemen preceding him some two miles at a fast clip.

In the wake of these, TS men undoubtedly, he thoughtfully considered his chances. Never adept at fooling himself and too long a citizen of the Powder to trust in the charity of his enemies, he definitely felt the danger of appearing in town. All it took now to produce an explosion was a chance word, a too-swift gesture of arm, some casual brush of shoulder against shoulder. Twenty-four hours previously he had thoroughly read Tade Shadrow and he knew the added time would not have softened the man's purpose.

The word was undoubtedly out amongst all the TS hands by now that it was open season on him. Given a chance, some one of that crew would try for him. Such was the blindly jealous spirit of paid partisans. There never had been much compunction or mercy in a Powder war; never would be. And if he were not prepared for the ultimate show-down, he had better turn back to the spur.

This was his reasoning as he racked along, carefully thought out the issue—and then swept away. He would not go back. There was never any sense avoiding a fight for the sake of a few days' preparation; his own headlong impulses disliked preparation and this natural instinct to plunge on was fortified by the long knowledge of the country's way. Nothing ever reached climax by slow stages. Uneasy peace held a while, suppressing the underneath intrigues and deceits; the storm broke in full violence, sweeping aside all compacts and labored safeguards; peace came again for a while. The only thing that counted was an alertness, an instant readiness to ride the tempests. His own relaxed safeguards had brought ambush upon him. That mistake he meant never to repeat. And with this conviction he rode into Antelope's northern end.

AS HE had suspected, Antelope was well-filled, strangely so for a Monday morning; and slowing to a walk he ran a narrowed glance along the street. The activity seemed to be at the other end, around the saloon and the courthouse adjoining. Most of the horses were racked there and most of the crowd sauntered from one place to the other. His entry, he immediately discovered, created a quick shift of attention, and with a deliberate forethought he rode to the stable's mouth and left his horse at the rack there. It placed him more or less opposite the bulk of the TS men. But he halted only long enough to throw the reins over the pole, afterwards going directly to the hardware store.

He had known Till MacGruder, the owner of that store, most of his life. Yet the reluctant "Hello, Hugh," had the distant civility of a stranger. In addition, there seemed to be a kind of appeal in MacGruder's eyes, possibly explained by a pair of punchers lounging near by as silent witnesses. Tracy nodded, playing the game MacGruder wanted because he understood the man's precarious position in this TS town.

"Two boxes of .45 shells," he said. When he got them and paid for them, he added: "Mac, I want about twenty spindles of barb-wire."

MacGruder showed surprise that turned rapidly to reluctance. Tracy saw his eyes flick over to the punchers and jerk back. "Barb-wire? I don't know, Hugh. Don't think I got any."

"Yes, you have, Mac. Don't play freeze-out on me. Put 'em on the porch while I go hire a team and wagon off Jinks Bailey."

For some reason MacGruder's face relaxed and showed relief. "All right, Hugh. Get the wagon around and I'll roll the spindles out for you."

Tracy departed, catching the swift undertone of something said by the two TS hands. Across at the stable again, he met the roustabout. "Where's Jinks?"

"Don't know."

"I want a team and wagon for today and tomorrow. Those two bays will do."

"Not on my say-so," said the roustabout slowly. "You'll have to talk to Jinks. I think I seed him go into Burkey's."

(Continued on page 28)

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Cotton Need Pickin'

By Roark Bradford

A whole lot of excitement down at Little Bee Bend plantation, where it's easy to be lazy—when the foreman's not around

"Whar he at?" Co-reen demanded. "Whar he went at?" She stood in the moonlight, menacingly

GILES sat on the porch, his bare feet resting flatly against a cool post and his chair tilted precariously on its back legs. He had worries on his mind. His responsibilities he had accepted as part of the inevitable plan of the Lord. The Lord had sent that rain just as the cotton was ripening, and the Lord had followed the rain with hot days and hotter nights, causing the cotton to burst open so rapidly that nothing short of a super-effort from every worker on Little Bee Bend plantation would get the crop picked before it fell to the ground.

"Cotton too cheap to send and git pickers," Giles decided, "and ev'ybody round hyar too busy wid they own to he'p neighbor us outn de field. So y'all niggers got to git a homp on yo' back and bear down tight." That settled the responsibilities, and the Bossman had given the decision his approval.

However, there were minor worries for the foreman of Little Bee Bend. There was, immediately, the problem of Brother.

Brother was, at best, absolutely worthless. At his worst he was a distinct handicap. He was shiftless and irresponsible. He fell asleep on the most important jobs and, in addition, he was something of a bully, quarrelsome and unpleasant to be around. "De onliest thing in dat nigger's favor which appeal to me," Giles ruminated, "is 'cause he's stout like a bull."

The moon was coming up over the barn roof like a ball of red fire, and already the black dark of the early Red River fall nights was fading into an opaque semi-light. "I know in my soul," Giles continued, "dat Brother is frivilin' 'bout wid some woman up de bayou, right now. He left hyar when de sun was a good two hours high, and hyar hit is moon up and he ain't back. Hit'll take a good whuppin' to git dat nigger set right."

Brother was driving one of the cotton wagons—a job usually assigned to the hard-working, intelligent young men. It was easier work than picking cotton and Giles passed out the best jobs as rewards. In Brother's case it was just the opposite.

"You can't do nothin' good," Giles had told Brother, "but de absolutely no-goodest thing you kin do is de way you can't pick cotton."

"Ya-ah, Mist' Giles," Brother assented listlessly.

"So," continued the foreman, "I'm gonter make you take Johnnie T's waggin, so's Johnnie T kin pick."

Brother's face brightened perceptibly.

"Hol' on," warned Giles. "Hit ain't gonter be easy. 'Cause you gonter drive Maude and Sadie and you know what happen efn you 'buses de Bossman's pet mules? You know what happen efn you gits de wrong gears on 'em, or do you trot 'em to de waggin, or do you go to sleep in de road, or do you pull up and stop at some woman's house up de bayou?"

"I ain't—"

"Well," Giles went on, ignoring protests, "I'm gonter tell de Bossman, and de Bossman gonter kill you so daid to you'll be done rigor mortised before us kin git you laid out for de funeral."

"Ya-ah," promised Brother, "I ain't gonter do dat."

Brother had made four uneventful trips to the gin that day, and had left late in the afternoon with his fifth load of cotton. Giles knew that if all had gone well, Brother should have been back by sundown. He also knew that the neighboring plantations were rushing their cotton to the gin as rapidly as it could be picked, and the chances were Brother would have to wait in line to get unloaded.

"I'm gonter wait," Giles resolved, "to de moon git to de top er dat cottonwood tree." And he waited patiently.

AS THE moon climbed, the night grew lighter and soon the cotton fields reflected the silvery whiteness. Here and there, a man or a woman—more frequently, a man and a woman—wandered along the turnrows and into the dark shadows of the willows on the bayou bank. A frog croaked noisily and the katydids fiddled, emphasizing the quiet peacefulness of the night.

Presently a man walked up to Giles' gate and stopped. Giles peered into the semi-darkness.

"Who dat?" he demanded.

"Dis whar Mist' Giles live at?" countered the man at the gate.

"Sho," said Giles. "Open de gate and come in."

The stranger walked the few steps with a quick, unhesitating tread. "My name," he said when he reached the porch, "is what de fo'ks calls Hot Shot. I got me another name—"

"Hot Shot suit me," Giles interrupted. "Whar'd you come f'm?"

"Texas," the man replied, indefinitely.

The foreman did not press the question. A man had a reason for coming from Texas, generally. "Well, what's on yo' mind, Hot Shot?" Giles asked.

"I hyars y'all need cotton pickers down dis-away."

"You hyared right."

"I's a cotton picker," Hot Shot announced simply.

"You is?"

"Yah," he continued with modest bluntness. "I do's mighty nigh any kind er work. I kin handle a team, or I kin milk de cows, or saw wood, or make a crop or any kind er stuff like dat. But de mainest thing I kin do is pick cotton."

"We ain't payin' only fawty cents a hund'ed," Giles warned.

"Wages is mighty tight, ev'ywhars," Hot Shot admitted.

Giles looked the stranger over carefully in the dim light. He was tall and young, with long arms and legs. He held his head well back and he stood squarely on both feet. Giles liked to see a man built that way. He knew there was both strength and energy there. "Lemme feel de pa'ms er yo' hands, Hot Shot," he suggested, "and see efn you been workin'."

HOT SHOT presented his opened hands and Giles ran his fingers over the palms. He found them covered with heavy calluses.

"Had yo' supper yit?" Giles inquired.

"Nawsuh," said Hot Shot, "but I kin skip supper efn I c'd git a bite to eat in de mawnin' befo' I goes to de field."

"Better eat now," Giles instructed, rising to lead the way to the kitchen. "When work gits tight round hyar, us skips breakfust, sometimes."

Hot Shot chuckled sheepishly. "I skipped dinner today," he admitted.

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Illustrated by Harry Burne

Giles led him to the kitchen, placed a huge iron pot of whippoorwill peas and a pan of cold corn bread before him. Hot Shot ate slowly and methodically, dipping the bread into the pot and then pushing bread and peas into his mouth with a practiced turn of the hand. Giles watched him for a time. "You must 'a' skipped mo'n jest dinner today, f'm de way you's eatin'," said Giles.

Hot Shot swallowed, grinned and said: "Must 'a'," and he kept right on eating.

When the last of the peas were eaten and the pot sopped clean with the last hunk of corn bread, Hot Shot stood up. "Hit was mighty good," he said quietly. "Now, efn I gits me a place to sleep—"

Giles took him to the barn and pointed out the seed bin. "Dat's we's ho-tel," Giles explained. "You coil up and rest yo' eyes agin' tomorrow. I got to wawk de big road some."

Giles glanced toward the moon. It had risen well above the cottonwood and he knew that Brother was loitering up the road. He took out his knife and cut a persimmon sprout from the fence-row and whittled it into a convenient club. Then he walked up the turnrow to the big road across the bayou bridge and turned toward the cabin of the Widow Duck.

The Widow Duck's house was one of hundreds of tenant cabins that squatted between the bayou and the big road. The string of shanties ran from plantation to plantation, stretching for miles along the winding bayou and road. Some of the cabins were close together and some of them were separated by a quarter-of-a-mile distance; but Giles knew two things: he knew that Brother was loitering up the bayou in one of the cabins, and he knew if word got started along the line that he was hunting Brother with a club in his hand, Brother would hear the news in an unbelievably short time.

"Hy-dy, all," he greeted as he came to the widow's porch. Half a dozen people were on the porch "catching the breeze," and indulging in plantation small-talk.

"Come in, Giles, and rest yo' weary," invited the Widow Duck. "What dat in yo' hand, son?"

"A sprout," Giles explained, laughing. "I stopped and cut hit, over yonder."

"Hit look like a swish-elm club to me," declared the Widow Duck. "Giles, is you fixin' to whup somebody?"

The people on the porch immediately grew silent.

"Dat's what I comed to tawk to you about," Giles said. "You know de Bossman told me not to hit any more niggers."

"And de Bossman is daid right, too," agreed the widow. "You hadn't ought to whup 'em. You's too stout."

"DEN again," went on Giles, "le's I and you s'posin' a case. Le's I and you s'posin' hit's a wuthless nigger on de place and I can't git him to homp his back onless I whups him, and de Bossman say I can't whup him?"

"Run him off," counseled the Widow Duck. "De Book do say, 'Wharfore trifle ye not in de mawnin' and neither in de evenin', for I will sho'ly run you offn my vineyard and maketh you hard to find.' So say de Sperrit, Giles. De Lawd ain't gonter put up wid hit and He don't aim for you to."

"Efn I runned him off," pressed Giles, "whar'd he go at? Times is so tight—"

"Let him graze amongst de goats," the widow said firmly. "Efn de Lawd can't use him—"

"S'posin'," interrupted Giles, "he was de onliest son er a daid widow woman which growed up on de place?"

"Brother!" exclaimed the Widow Duck. "Baythey's onliest. De Lawd sho blessed her good when He tuck her before she lived to see how no-'count her son got."

Giles shook his head, sadly. "Baythey," he recalled, "didn't had a lazy bone in her soul."

"Brother," suggested the Widow Duck, "ain't only but a growed-up chile. He need a good whuppin'."

"Yeah, Brother need whuppin'," Giles stated definitely, "but de Bossman say I ain't to whup no more niggers. He say dat last summer when he found out I whupped Jet. And you know good as me, Mis' Duck, I ain't never done nothin' de Bossman told me absolutely not to do."

The Widow Duck considered for a long time. "Giles," she said, finally, "you do's mighty good. But efn you treated de Lawd as good as you treat de Bossman, you'd make out a heap better." She searched her mind for some effective Scriptural authority which would justify a violation of the Bossman's instructions. The Widow Duck had actually read very little in the Bible and she had difficulty with the words she did read. But from somewhere in the back of her mind came a word that had puzzled her. She had spelled it over to herself many times, and she had never understood it until that very moment. The word was "psaltery."

"De Bible," she said authoritatively, "don't say nothin' 'bout de Lawd takin' a swish-elm club to de Hebrew chilluns when dey slacked down, but f'm de way de Book read, hit was plenty er peezal-trees growin' 'bout de wilderness, and what de Lawd could do to a lazy Hebrew chile wid a second-growth peezal-tree sprout was jest too sweet."

GILES was silent for a few minutes, apparently coming to a serious decision. While he thought, he toyed with his club, bending it and testing its heft. "I'm gonter whup Brother," he announced finally. "He frivilin' up at some woman's house instid er bringin' dat team home and feedin' 'em. And jest as sho as I ketches him in somebody's house, I'm gonter wear him out." He looked out across the road and over the broad fields. "I'm gonter take a shawt cut in de field to de gin," he continued, "and I'm gonter back-track dat boy all de way home to I finds him. Den I'm gonter do him up."

Giles crossed the road, climbed through the fence and walked rapidly in a straight line to the gin, which was a good three miles away. There he turned and came down the winding path along the bayou bank.

He knew he would not find Brother lingering along the route. He knew that the instant he left the Widow Duck's house somebody slipped from her porch and hurried up the bayou to warn Brother. It was a bit of diplomacy indulged in by the foreman. If he had caught Brother "frivilin'" in one of the negro cabins when the mules should have been in the lot, discipline would have demanded stern action from the foreman. He either would have to "run him off," banishing him from the plantation, or he would have to thrash him.

Running Brother off did not appeal to the foreman. The responsibility of throwing a worthless man upon a world already struggling to feed willing workers was one that Giles would not accept. And as for thrashing him, the Bossman had expressly forbidden it.

Giles was not surprised to see the wagon in the lot and the mules at the trough when he reached the barn. He inspected the mules and found they were not sweating. "Dat's de best thing he done," Giles said, "when he didn't trot dem mules home."

THE next day was a new day as far as Giles was concerned. Brother, at least, had gotten a good scare from Giles' roundabout hunt for him, and he showed up at the barn at daylight. Hot Shot, the new man from Texas, climbed out of the crib, helped the drivers harness, and then asked for a fourteen-foot cotton sack. Giles was impressed.

"Dat's de way I likes to hyar a man pick cotton," he told Hot Shot. "Now pick out somebody and pair up wid 'em. Us picks like dat. Two people picks three rows, wid de center row for grabbin'. De more faster you picks on yo' own row, de more grabbin' you gits on de grab row."

"Hit suit me better," Hot Shot offered, "to take two whole rows by myse'f and pick 'em lonesome."

(Continued on page 42)

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The Right Spirit

By Don Marquis

I'M PROBABLY the only citizen of these here United States," confided the Old Soak yesterday, "who don't understand all about dollars and gold standards and inflation and what *doin' such-or-such a thing to the currency* is gonna do to the prices and the cost of livin', and why it does it. People have been explainin' it to me ever since 1896, when Bill Bryan was either right or wrong about silver, I don't know which—and still I don't understand it. A little more'n a hundred years ago, I remember readin' somewheres, you could buy a gallon of whisky in this country for fifteen cents; and I got a vague, general feelin' that them must 'a' been good times . . . unless it was too hard to get *hold of the fifteen cents.*

"It's the same way with daylight savin'. Every year it's explained to me all over again that the trains come in and go out either an hour earlier or an hour later, I never can remember which—and when I want to catch one I'm either an hour late or two hours too early, and I never can understand why. If I was to start a new political party my slogan would be, Let Nature Take Its Course—don't tinker with clocks, or dollars, or the price of whisky, by law.

"It looks to me like the world had tinkered so much that it had got itself into the fix my Uncle Abner Hawley got into with a clock he owned. It was a good clock, but it was hard to tell time by; it kept runnin' along and tickin' regular, but it was confusin'. When he was asked for an explanation of it, Uncle Abner used to say you had to understand that clock scientific to get the best use out of it. When the hour hand pointed to 12, and the minute hand to a quarter past 3, that clock would strike 7, and then Uncle Abner would know that was half past 2; but he was never able to communicate his system to me or to anybody else. He had tinkered it up with too much legislation.

"I got my start bein' dumb about complicated systems when I was a boy *studyin' Uncle Abner's clock, and my* dumbness about feenance and money has growed on me all through life. How you gonna tell what the prices of things really are when you don't know what a dollar is worth? And now this here proposition of a thirty-hour week! If they think they're gonna make me work thirty hours every single week of the world, they're gonna be fooled—there ain't no legislation in the world is gonna lengthen the time I give to toil to that outrageous extent!

"IT ISN'T any accident that Beer and this here inflation talk was sprung on us at about the same time," says the Old Soak. "But, as for me, I remain faithful to hard liquor and the gold standard. Beer and cheap money in our midst takes up room I'd planned to fill with something with more kick to it." (It is only fair to say, parenthetically, that I have never yet known the Old Soak to be pleased with anything.)

A letter with a Hollywood postmark, signed "Scenario," received by this department recently, complains that Archy so often descends from profundity into mere levity. I showed it to Archy, who immediately scrambled to my typewriter and butted out the following rejoinder:

i never like a wise remark
unless a foolish follows
in walking over central park
we find how few apollos
i always loathe a wise remark
without a silly chaser
dont cheat your eyeteeth in the dark
chewing an ink eraser

some other grandma day by day
turns sprightly blonde and elfish
young oysters give their pearls away
but clams continue shellfish
saints look at worldlings quite askance
so raus mit gloria mundi
the devil wears asbestos pants
and laughs at mrs grundy

the fool that takes wise mens advice
will still continue foolish
wisdom is purchased with a price
but mules are always mulish
i never liked a sage remark
unless a wheeze came after
a dentist seldom wooes a
shark
into a fit of laughter
dont use up all your steam
to toot
but save some for the engine
if saint john is a british
beaut
its safe to call him sinjin
when tourists tread on hallowed ground
how often they will snicker
i always loathed a thought
profound
unless it had a kicker

he will who drinks diluted
gin
die looted of good name oh
whiskey cocktails are a sin
they whisk away fair fame
oh
to perch upon a pyramid
will not make you a highbrow
suppose the silly thing should skid
and scar your foolish eyebrow
archy

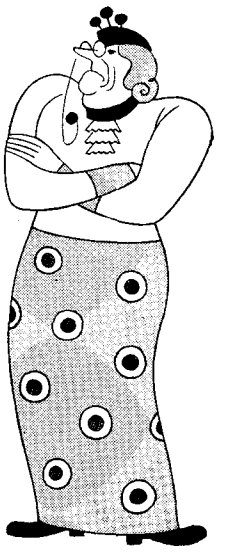
I don't know exactly what he means, but it is apparent to me that Archy has answered you—in his fashion—Scenario.

Fanny the Flapper finds there are only two kinds of men in the world . . . men who admire her, and bores.

Reform a friend, make an enemy.

In youth I had ambition; I used to covet fame and wealth and high position—a great resounding name—but now I go a-fishin', nor seek the world's acclaim. Oh, now I've ceased infesting the spots where work is rife; oh, now I'm never questing for trouble, toil and strife. I specialize on resting, now, and love my life.

After Mr. Hitler gets through in Germany—which will have to happen some day unless Germany is to get through—he might come to America and see if he can revive the Ku Klux Klan; he seems to have the ideals and mentality of a first-class Kleagle.



Man can see what he ought to do, but that is no guaranty that he will do it.
—*Rev. Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr.*
Precisely.

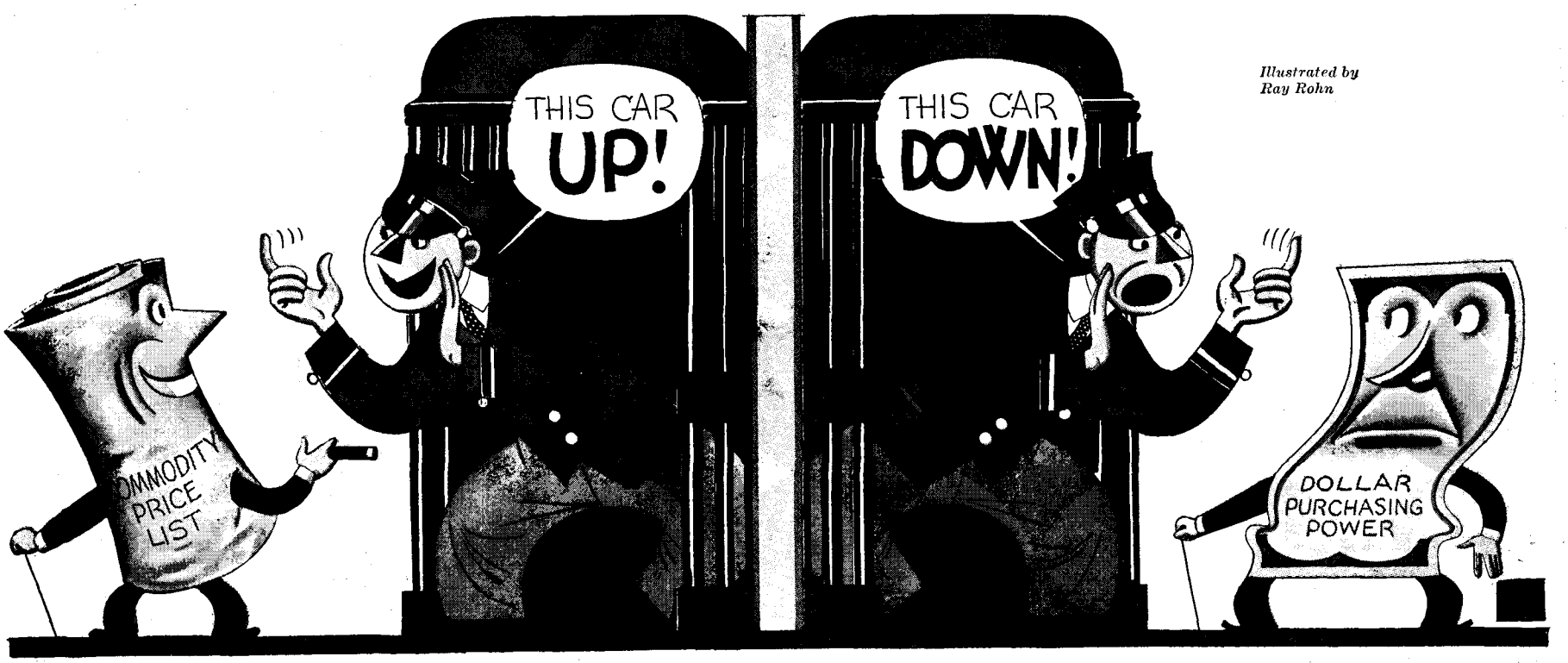
All the wicked cities
In the Vale of Siddim
Thought of things they shouldn't do—
Then they went and did 'em!

All the naughty people
In Sodom and Gomorrah
Thought of things they ought to do—
And postponed 'em till tomorrow.

Well, probably it's better that so many heads of families are spending their money these days for legal beer rather than for speakeasy whisky; better at least, as the saying is, for the wife and kidneys.

Banking Ills Laid to Lax Congresses

It seems a little hard on the congressmen, seeing that they don't know any more about banking than the rest of us, who don't know any more about banking than the bankers. A fellow told me the other day that the whole thing was due to some system or other that Alexander Hamilton wished onto the country, and if that is true I can understand why Burr took him out and shot him.



Illustrated by Ray Rohn

How can you tell what prices really are when you don't know what a dollar is worth?

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The whole business picture now is changed—because the public has started in not only to buy, *but to* buy selectively—*to seek out not merely* low price, *but sound substantial* value *as well*

EXIT THE CHISELER!

FOR more than three years American business has been bleeding to death internally under the reckless thrusts of the price-cutter.

Whole industries have suffered from the ruthless raiding of lone wolf members—who smashed prices down, down, down, in a savage attempt to chisel business away from competitors at any price.

Everyone knows what happened before the withering blast of falling prices. Standards faltered. Quality went under siege. Payrolls shriveled. Buying-power shrunk. The very weapon used to produce more business steadily produced less.

Now suddenly the whole picture is changed.

IT IS changed because the public has started in not only to *buy,* but to *buy selectively*—to seek out not merely *low price,* but sound substantial *value* as well.

It is changed because men and women have learned that the wrong thing at the right price is *not* a bargain—that *quality* even more than price determines *worth*—that good merchandise, at a *fair* price, is shrewder buying than poor merchandise at *any* price.

Behold the results already discernible in a few short weeks!

HOPE revives, ambition stirs, purpose hardens—commodity prices rise constructively—markets are expanding—the manufacturer of enterprise and conscience can once more center upon the improvement and perfection of his product instead of being forced to *match pennies* with his least responsible competitor.

Men are marching back to work—here and there wages have already started up—business is definitely on the mend.

The nation thrills to a new purpose and a new comprehension that fearlessly say that for the benefit of all—*farmer, laborer* and *businessman alike*—prices must go *higher* not *lower*—and the whole power of constructive administration in finance, industry and government is pledged to make this happen.

People have begun to buy again—with new confidence that the prices they pay today will not crumble tomorrow.

Your buying, your *selective* buying, is speeding the exit of the chiseler from industry of every kind—and as a direct reward for buying now, you can still get first-quality favorably-known merchandise at prices which you may never see again.

Take tires as an example—*you can buy a whole set of Goodyear All-Weathers, most popular tires in the world, for as little as a single tire would cost you a few years ago!*

BUT the real way to buy is with your eyes on the future and not on the past.

And anyone with eyes to see what is happening around him today must conclude that *whatever* he buys—tires or anything else—if it be of good and sound and durable *character*—will make him a real saving of money as against the prices he will likely have to pay in time to come.

P. W. Litchfield
PRESIDENT
THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, INC.

This is the Goodyear All-Weather, which outsells any other tire in the world. Even throughout the times of stress, Goodyear has kept faith with the public by lifting its quality steadily higher, but today you can still buy this tire—the best tire we have ever made—for prices starting as low as $6.40

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Back Seat

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

"This is the end, Isabel. The end. There's nothing left to say except goodby"

Irving Nurick

THERE was a cold, fierce fury in the manner in which young Mr. Wilfred Frisbie packed his suitcase in the bedroom of what had lately been a happy, if occasionally tempestuous, home. Mr. Frisbie was intense and brilliant and temperamental and, like most men of genius, likely to be dramatic in everything he did. He was finely dramatic now, contriving to make even the prosaic process of packing suggest his wrath and its just cause, his genius and its splendid contempt for the sordidly practical task to which it condescended. He showed no sign whatever of knowing that Mrs. Frisbie had come in.

"Bill, darling! Don't you see that you're leaving out one of your new pumps?"

Mrs. Frisbie's face, like her voice, was pleasant and touched with affectionate, amused reproof. Mr. Frisbie, however, flung up his arms in the wide gesture of one whose back feels the weight of the last, intolerable straw.

"See? Even when you stand there watching it drive me out of your life forever, you can't stop treating me like a half-witted child! Superintending me, managing me, bossing me—"

"But, darling," Mrs. Frisbie said, "you'll need both of your pumps, won't you, if you're really going to—"

"If!" A laugh, bitterly brief, was bitten between Mr. Frisbie's teeth. From the pocket of his coat, which he had removed and dropped on the floor, he withdrew a long, plump envelope. He put this into Mrs. Frisbie's hand.

"Open it," he said, "and see whether I'm really going!"

"A steamer ticket!"

Mrs. Frisbie's face and voice registered dismay, concern. At this first symptom of a proper attitude Mr. Frisbie's wrath relented slightly. He spoke bitterly still, but with a hint of sadness:

"On tonight's boat. In less than an hour, Isabel, I'll be on—on the high seas. We're—we're finishing the last chapter. This is the—the parting of the ways. Let's try to say goodby, at least, without—"

"This isn't an outside stateroom, is it?" Mrs. Frisbie interrupted anxiously. "You know you'll forget to shut the window and—"

"It's hopeless!" Mr. Frisbie lifted his arms again. "You can't even let me go out of your life without telling me exactly how to do it! You don't see, even now, what you've done to me! You can't understand that an artist can't live unless he's free! You still think you can keep me in a cage, a—a kiddy-coop! You—"

"AND a passport." Mrs. Frisbie shook her head at the photograph. "Oh dear, Wilfred. You always look so wild-eyed when you have your picture taken without me there to—"

"Go on," Mr. Frisbie said wearily. "It's too late for you to stop. The last few minutes of our life together, and you spend them trying to—to safety-pin me into swaddling-clothes!"

"But, darling, I only said—why, Wilfred! This letter of credit is for five thousand dollars! And all these traveler's checks besides! You must have taken every penny you own! And carrying it in your pocket, too! When you know perfectly well that the first plausible swindler you meet will—"

"It's better, perhaps, this way." Mr. Frisbie sighed. "If you missed just one chance to show me that to you I'm just a slightly vicious moron, I might be sorry some day. If you could even say goodby without a few parting words about wearing rubbers and getting my hair cut—"

"It needs cutting now," Mrs. Frisbie said. A generous indignation warmed her voice. "That barber cheats you, Wilfred. He takes off just a teeny bit, so you'll have to come back in a week with another absurd tip, and—"

"It doesn't seem true," Mr. Frisbie affected to soliloquize, "that where I'm going I'll be free! Free! Allowed to decide for myself even such grave issues as how much to tip my barber!"

"But, darling—oh, wait, Wilfred, pul*lease!* You're trying to shut your bag with that pump sticking out. Let me—"

Mr. Frisbie tore the pump free and cast it from him.

"Keep it," he said. "It'll prove that there was one time when I was actually allowed to pack my own bag! One time, in the five years we've lived together, when I wasn't wet-nursed and apron-stringed and—"

The sound of tires, slithering on asphalt, gave him pause. Solemnity came back to his face. Endowing the gesture with somber, ritual gravity, he put on his coat.

"There's my taxi. This is the end, Isabel. The end. There's nothing left to say except goodby. Let's say just that. Nothing else. Will you, Isabel? It's—it's the last thing I'll ever ask of you. Just goodby. No—"

"Goodby, darling."

MRS. FRISBIE'S voice, though, wasn't the voice of high, tragic climax. It was merely worried. And she did not turn from the window through which she had leaned to inspect the taxicab at the curb.

"It doesn't mean much to you, does it?" Mr. Frisbie spoke with a fine, light bitterness. "After all we've meant to each other, you can let me go out of your life forever without any more emotion than if I were just going downtown! Here we stand, at the—the parting of the ways, and it doesn't worry you any more than—"

"But, darling, I'm only trying to do what you asked me to." Mrs. Frisbie did not turn from the window. "You begged me not to spoil our goodby by letting you see how terribly worried I am! The idea of saying I'm not! When I'm letting you start off, all alone, to Europe, without anybody to keep you from playing cards with strangers and see that you wear your overcoat on deck and make you stop and look before you start across those dangerous Paris streets, and—"

"I knew it!" Mr. Frisbie laughed. "The back-seat driver to the end. To the bitter end! Goodby, Isabel."

"Goodby, Wilfred darling." Still Mrs. Frisbie did not turn. She failed, therefore, to see that Mr. Frisbie, nobly letting bygones be bygones, was offering his hand for the clasp of ultimate farewell. "That driver looks awfully reckless, darling. Do make him drive slowly, won't you? And don't leave your overcoat in the cab when you—"

"Ha!"

The door boomed upon the bitter brevity of Mr. Frisbie's parting laugh. Mrs. Frisbie looked down anxiously upon the explosive suddenness of the cab's departure, its headlong, unreconnoitered plunge into the traffic of the avenue. Slowly, as no untoward crash resulted, concern faded from her pleasant, comely countenance.

"Poor darling! I just spoiled everything for him again. But I couldn't turn around to say goodby or even he might have noticed that I—"

Indulgently, affectionately, she looked down at the long, plump envelope, which, if he had seen it, even Wilfred Frisbie might have remembered to take with him. She merely glanced at the steamer ticket, the letter of credit, the pad of traveler's checks. More deliberately, more fondly, more possessively, she contemplated the photograph, defiantly wild-eyed, affixed to Mr. Frisbie's passport.

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Meet the Family

Continued from page 15

brother Ed, stripped to the waist, with nothing on but sneakers and a pair of trunks. He had the cellar fixed up like a gymnasium, and this noise I'd been worrying about was him working on a punching bag.

I went all the way down and stood there watching him. He stepped around pretty fancy. This Ed was a rangy guy, about my size and weight, and maybe a little older than I am.

"Nice work," I told him finally.

"It comes easy to me," he said. "I got a natural style. The only trouble is, I haven't got anybody to box with."

Right there I made a sap of myself. "I wouldn't mind sparring a few rounds with you," I said. I still had this idea of getting in solid with the family.

I'm not bragging, but I can handle myself pretty good. We started to fool around, and I saw right away that Ed was slow. He left me plenty of openings and I popped him a couple of times, only I pulled my punches so he wouldn't get sore at me. He couldn't hit me at all. I mean, I was making a monkey out of him. I could see he didn't like it, so I thought I'd take a punch or two just to make him feel good.

So I let him hit me on the jaw. And I want to tell you he wasn't fooling. You'd think a guy would have sense enough to realize it was all in fun. But not Ed. I thought the boiler had blown up for sure and, while I was still dazed, he swarmed all over me and started giving me the works. There wasn't much room in the cellar, so the only thing I could do was pretend I slipped and I went down against the coal bin and a nail ripped the seat out of my best trousers. "I could learn you a lot about boxing," he had the nerve to tell me.

WELL, the way it was, all I could do was wait down there till Ed got a safety pin and then I had to sneak out the basement door and go home without seeing Helen again. I knew she'd be mad but Ed promised to explain things to her.

I couldn't make out what he told her or whether he even mentioned it, because, the next time I called up, Helen couldn't say anything but "No." So I called every day for a week, and finally she wouldn't even come to the phone. Then I thought I'd stop calling her and see how that worked, but every night I'd be scared for fear she'd give me the air for good, and I couldn't keep away from the telephone. But I wasn't getting anywhere. I was nearly crazy for two weeks there. You know how it is.

I told Jack about it one day, when we were sitting around outside the airport.

"What are you kicking about?" he asked me. "You got the family on your side, like I said you would. All you've got to do now is marry the girl."

"Yeah," I said, "and how do I do that? Suppose she won't?"

He took a long drag from his cigarette and thought a while. "If she won't," he decided, "she won't. It'll mean she don't really love you, and it's a lucky break for you you're not married."

There wasn't any answer to that. It's one of those cracks that are true, maybe, but what of it? I mean, it's easy to tell some other guy that.

Well, Jack and I get in the car and we start the next run. It was 9:59 A. M., and the reason I remember it so well is because I thought I'd have to make a report about that trip.

I guess my mind wasn't on my work because, without paying any attention to what I was doing, I let the car go faster and faster. You don't get any passengers, anyway, at that time in the morning, much before Anderson Street, and when we came down the hill by the cemetery, we must have been doing sixty, with the old car bouncing over the rails and swaying from side to side like a roller coaster.

I DIDN'T even see this ice-cream truck crossing the road until we were almost on top of it. It just shows what love will do to a guy. All I had time to do was give a yell and throw on the brakes as hard as I could. One thing about a trolley car: you can't steer it. So I closed my eyes and I could feel the old crate almost turn a somersault when the air took hold. Then I opened my eyes because it was worse with them closed.

Well, we missed the back of that five-ton wagon by so little that I could see the scratches on its license plate. I was thrown forward and I must have hit my head against the front window. Lucky for me it didn't break but I got a bang on the head, and it must have made me half groggy, because I couldn't think of a word to say to this truck driver, and he was telling me plenty before he drove away.

"Come on—take a *good* look!" *Chon Day*

I remember him yelling he was going to turn me in to the superintendent, and that got me worried because I had a swell record with the company, if I do say it myself. There's no sense in being a motorman all your life when you can work hard, and maybe get promoted.

Jack hollered to me to go on, we were losing time, and I was just going to throw on the current when I saw this old bird hustling down the side street. He couldn't walk very fast and I had to wait for him and help him in the car and that lost us a couple of more minutes, so things didn't look so good.

Then I got to thinking what the hell, if I'm not going to marry Helen what do I care whether I got a job or not, and I might as well let everything go, and maybe ship for South America and start over again. I felt that way all afternoon and I still felt that way in Billie's Diner when I was having supper, and maybe I said something to him about it, because you notice he always calls me Brazil, and keeps ribbing me about when am I going to leave. It's a good way to feel if you can keep it up, but the trouble with me is it don't last, and I wasn't any more than through eating and out on the street when I had this sudden idea I wanted to see Helen. Because if a girl is really for you, it don't make any difference how you stand with your boss.

I didn't even call up. I hopped a trolley and went on out to Rockway Avenue. I walked past her house on the other side of the street and there wasn't anybody in sight, and I guess I lost my nerve because I kept walking around the block, afraid to take a chance on ringing the bell. Finally, the cop on the beat turned up and, after he saw me go by four times, he began to look at me in a funny way, so I went home.

THE next day I was just the same, only worse. I tried to get this good feeling about giving everything up and going away but it wouldn't stay with me. Every time we went past Rockway Avenue, I'd look for Helen, and by the end of the shift I knew it wasn't any use. I was sunk.

So we ran into the barn and the first thing I hear is the superintendent wants to see me.

Well, that was bad news. I'd been expecting it in a way, but that didn't make me feel any better. I had to wait in his office for half an hour, and all the time I kept thinking if I'd gone to South America this wouldn't have happened. It's one thing to quit, but getting the bounce don't look so good.

Finally I go into his office and he looked up and said: "McCann!"

"Yes, sir," I said.

"I'm making you a supervisor," he told me. "Starting tomorrow."

"Did you say supervisor?" I asked him. Because a supervisor's a pretty good job. He gets twenty-five cents an hour more than a motorman, and what we do is we go all over the system seeing that things are O. K., and straightening out traffic jams and the like of that.

"What's the matter, don't you want the job?" he barked.

"I'll think it over," I said, grinning at him. He knew I was kidding.

"You're pretty young, McCann," he said, "and if you watch your step you might get somewhere. Use your head and you'll be all right. Like yesterday. You lost a little time but you gave good service, and that's what we want."

I FOUND out later that the old gent I helped into the car had written a swell letter about me, and that's what got me the promotion. Of course, I had my record to back me up. I mean, the way Jack Ball tells it, you'd think it was all luck.

I might have known that truck driver wouldn't turn me in. He was nothing but a four-flusher, like all these guys that sit up on the seat of a five-ton truck shooting off their mouth.

It took me about ten minutes to get myself a new cap with a brass plate that said Supervisor on it, and then I beat it right out to Rockway Avenue without waiting till after supper.

Helen's mother was out looking at her roses. "Hello," she called, glad to see me, "you're quite a stranger."

"Hello, Mrs. Connelly," I said, tipping my cap, "where's Helen?"

"She's around somewhere," she told me. "Come look how my buds have all come out."

"I got to see Helen right away," I said. "Where is she?"

"She's getting dinner," Mrs. Connelly claimed. She looked a little sore, but I was sore too. I mean she never even noticed what it said on my new cap.

So I went in the house and through to the kitchen. I kept my cap on to see whether Helen would notice anything different about me, and she spotted it right away.

AFTER a while everything was jake and I said to her: "What was the idea, giving me the ice pitcher over the phone?"

She had my cap on and she gave it kind of a tilt to one side and thought a while. "Well," she told me, "you were beginning to act as if you lived here."

"I was just trying to make character with your family," I claimed.

"I know," she said, "but I'd like to have you all to myself—for a while, anyhow." She started fixing my tie and gave it a pat, and then she went on: "I mean, Mother and Father and Aunt Josie were always asking me why you didn't come around any more, and it just made me stubborn. I guess a girl has a right to choose for herself, in this day and age."

"Listen," I asked her, "could Aunt Josie get the dinner?"

"I suppose so. Why?"

"How about coming out and eating with me? I got something I want to ask you," I told her.

"I'd love to," she said. "I'll be ready in ten minutes."

She got up and just then I heard this noise down the cellar again. Bumpety-bump-bump-bump. Bump-bump-bump-bumpety. "Is that Ed?" I asked her.

She said it was. "And do you know what he did?" she said. "He forgot to tell me for three days why you left that night."

"Take your time dressing," I told her. "Make it fifteen minutes, if you want to."

Maybe I didn't give that guy a pasting!

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Starlight Rider

Continued from page 19

Tracy stared about. The two hands in MacGruder's place were just now emerging, heading for the saloon. At that point the crowd had thinned during the short minutes since his arrival and he saw half a dozen punchers casually scattered along the walks at the north end. Silently, he said to himself: "It's here—right here," and the old, uncaring anger began to pump through him. He had no reason to go into Burkey's saloon, yet every man in this oppressive town understood the moves of the game as well as he did and if he turned away from Antelope now it would be recognized instantly that he was retreating. So, squaring himself, he started out.

What stopped him, in the stable's archway, was the rapid approach of a man he knew—the sorrel Willy Bones. Bones saw him at the same time and checked back on his heels, raising a face stamped with worry.

"Tracy—hello, Tracy."

"Howdy, Bones."

Bones' lips went thin with pressure. He whipped a glance around him, pulled his shoulders together. "Tracy— They don't want me to leave town!"

A fine, glistening film of sweat stood across his upper lip and he pulled the lower one between his teeth. Both palms ran nervously up and down his coat. Hugh Tracy only half saw him, for there was a slow spreading of men along the street again. The in-and-out traffic at Burkey's door increased. One puncher left that porch and walked with an exaggerated straddle toward the stable, cool eyes pinned on Willy Bones' back. Up by the courthouse Tracy recognized Tade Shadrow's white saddle horse for the first time.

The oncoming puncher called sharply: "Bones, let's go have a drink."

Willy Bones jerked himself around, growing rigid. "Don't want a drink," he muttered.

The puncher came to a stand, pushed back his hat and laid both palms on his hips. The cool, direct stare clung to Bones. "Look here, ain't I good enough to drink with? Don't come that proud stuff on me, Willy. You drinkin' or not?"

Bones stood very still, his back to Tracy. By and by his glance went creeping along the street to either side of him. Afterwards he looked behind and Tracy saw the outright fear in his eyes. It lasted only a moment. Bones said quietly, "All right, I'll come along."

"Fine," applauded the puncher in a casual, ironic voice. Never at any time did he glance toward Tracy and now he hooked his arm through Bones' elbow and led the man across the street. Tracy let out a long breath. He didn't know what this was about, yet it was clear enough that TS was punishing one of its own members.

POSTED in the archway, Tracy's hardening inspection raked the idle groups of men situated here and there in the rising blaze of light. This grim play suddenly had assumed complexity. He wondered if Bones was bait dangled under his nose; and, still wondering, he walked through the deep dust to the saloon side and entered Burkey's.

There was half a room of them and they saw him the moment he pushed through the doors. Bones, standing at the bar, drew back a little, a strong relief rushing across his set features. But it was of a moment's duration. Tracy could almost see this sorrel rider's thoughts go reasoning from hope to despair; and it was a plain gesture of defeat when he turned stolidly, blank-faced, to the bar again and swiftly reached for his whisky. If a man was afraid of the bullet's brief agony, Tracy thought a little contemptuously, drink was as good an opiate as any. His traveling inspection reached behind the poker tables and stopped on Lake Tolbert.

Tolbert stood where he usually did, behind the crowd, off at a point of observation. Tracy's glance locked into the tall fellow's steady survey. Tolbert shifted his tobacco.

"Mornin'."

Tracy nodded: "Hello, Lake."

"Drink?"

"Ain't that against your orders?" observed Hugh.

"It will make no difference in my fortunes—or yours."

Tracy stared at the TS foreman. "At least that's an honest answer. I despise beatin' around the bush."

"Drink?" repeated Tolbert, and when he caught Tracy's slight nod he raised one slow arm and snapped his fingers. Tracy looked on, reading the foreman closely. This man had power, the power of silence and immobility and watchfulness. Lou Burkey hurried from the bar with a bottle and a pair of glasses, dividing a surreptitious glance between the two men. He lingered a moment, to be sent away by Tolbert's curt gesture. Tolbert filled the glasses, raised his own.

"I admire a stubborn man," said he, and drank. Twirling the empty glass around and around between his long fingers, he held the weight of his eyes on Tracy, and presently said: "Lookin' for somebody?"

"Jinks Bailey."

Tolbert nodded slightly. "To hire a team," he added. "You won't find Jinks. If you did, he wouldn't be rentin' teams."

"You know all the answers," grunted Tracy.

Tolbert's eyes lifted against the gradually forming circle of men around him; and though there was no change on that angular, high-boned face, the circle dissolved. He returned his attention to Tracy.

"You are a fool for bein' here today," he said.

"That's all you have to say?"

Tolbert ducked his head for a reply.

HUGH set down his glass. "Thanks for the drink," he murmured, and stepped to the street. There were only three men on the porch now. Elsewhere the sentries were further scattered. One stood in the stable arch where none had been before. Looking that way, the set and rebellious cast of his face deepened. His horse was gone.

Poised, expecting anything in the space of a drawn breath, he felt the effect of some signal hidden from him. The nearest man on the porch wheeled, walked into Burkey's; a voice cut crisply through that inside silence:

"Willy, let's go see if we can find your pony you been cryin' about."

The whole thing was a lie. Not yet knowing why, he understood TS was about to exercise its grisly vengeance on Willy Bones.

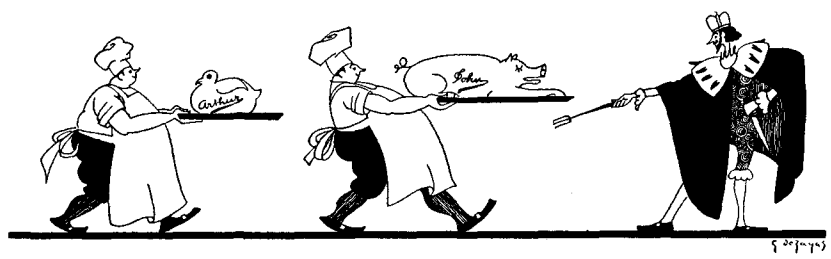
A feel of extreme urgency knotted his nerves, pushed him across the street to the stable archway. His horse, he instantly saw, stood at the back end of the place. But as he discovered it, the TS hand posted in the archway slowly pivoted to face him, deeply watchful, and he understood the man was there to block any chance of his reaching the animal. Tracy stopped, came about. On the street, nobody moved; even the group at the courthouse ceased its shifting and the hot sun flooded a town seemingly gripped by paralysis. Willy Bones stumbled out of Burkey's and turned indecisively from side to side. An escorting puncher came through, gripped his arm, led him down the porch steps. Halfway across the dusty strip, a dull, strident voice stopped them both:

"Bones, I want to see you."

What had been obscure was clear now; that familiar voice swept away all doubt. Sid Maunders walked into the edge of Tracy's vision from some hidden angle and advanced. Willy Bones wrenched free from the other puncher's detaining arm and took one long stride toward the stable. But only one, for he caught himself there, and, as before, the intently watching Tracy could read very clearly the tumbling, despairing thoughts rioting through Willy Bones' head and arrive at the blank wall of futility. Making his stand there, Bones straightened around and faced the oncoming Maunders. The other puncher, his part played out, slowly backed off.

Rage swelled in Tracy's throat. They

(Continued on page 30*)*



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

In England, about 150 years ago, royal chefs had to sign their names on their dishes so the King would know who prepared them, and as late as 1855 salmon was so plentiful that servants refused to enter the employment of a family unless promised that they would not have to eat it more than three times a week.

Despite the ridicule that has been cast upon the strange drugs used by Chinese physicians, many of them—such as powdered tigers' teeth, crabs' eyes and dried frogs' skins—actually contain the substances and medicinal values found in their corresponding remedies in the Western world.

A most astonishing attitude toward legal evidence was held by a magistrate in Malta a short time ago. Although he had witnessed a murder from a window of his home, he condemned an innocent man to death, in the belief that a judge's private knowledge should not interfere with evidence officially brought before him.

After 80 years Australian railroads still use three different gauges, a chaotic condition that has caused a total economic loss of $2,000,000,000. Even in the heavily traveled 600 miles between Sydney and Melbourne, passengers and freight have to be transferred from one system to another.—*By W. M. Woodman, Evanston, Illinois.*

When Lenin died in 1924, so many scientists asked the Russian government for a section of his brain for anatomical analysis that it was cut into 31,000 pieces to meet the demand.

Of the 4,000 official life guards on duty in England this summer, more than 1,500 are women.

New inventions: A device for regulating a watch in 10 minutes, a bullet for machine-gun practice that shows where it strikes by emitting a phosphorescent light, and an infrared ray machine for the treatment of rheumatism and other deep-seated ailments.

Throughout Asia, the petals of flowers—especially those of roses—are used extensively in the making of marmalade, pastry and other sweets.—*By Mary L. Townsend, São Paulo, Brazil.*

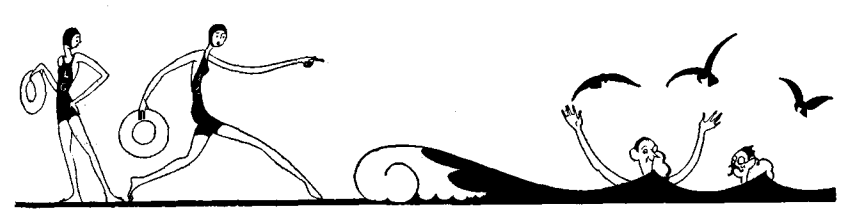
The new German "Who's Who" will not only mention whether each person is "Aryan" or "non-Aryan" but also make a point of explaining each title of "doctor," as this prefix is used by 35 different kinds of professional men and has always caused considerable confusion.

During 1931 and 1932, 98.5 per cent of the commercial concerns in the United States and Canada met their financial obligations dollar for dollar.—*By Paul H. Hayward, Washington, D. C.*

A new type of clock, which is now being installed in the United States Naval Observatory in Washington, does not gain or lose more than one second out of every 86,400,000. This is 2,000 times more accurate than a watch that is said to keep "perfect time."

When two pieces of optical glass are ground *perfectly smooth* and placed together, their molecular attraction is so strong that they cannot be separated by human force.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



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NOW you can drive your car farther without adding to the oil in your motor. New improved HYVIS has astounding heat resistance that keeps it from breaking down and evaporating in your crankcase under the most severe driving conditions. And as an added assurance of quality, HYVIS is now *protected* in sealed cans!

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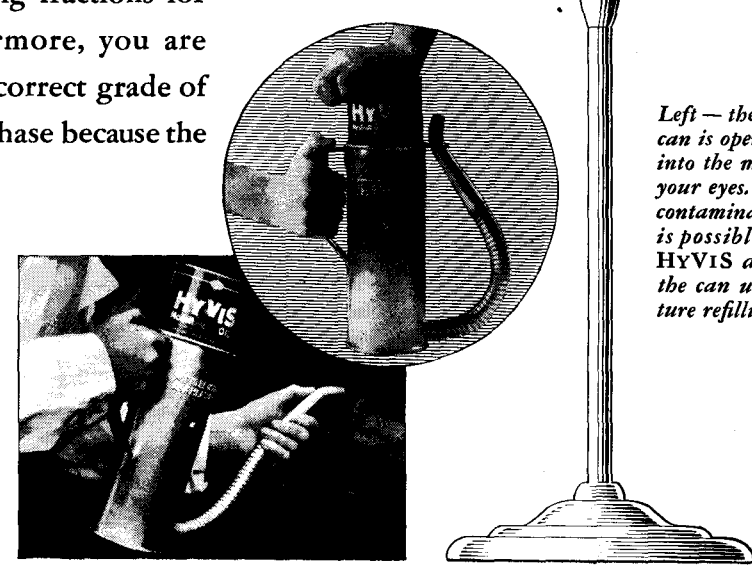

Left — the HYVIS *sealed can is opened and drained into the motor right before your eyes. No substitution, contamination or dilution is possible. Note that the* HYVIS *dispenser renders the can unsuitable for future refilling.*

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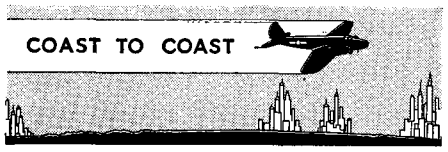

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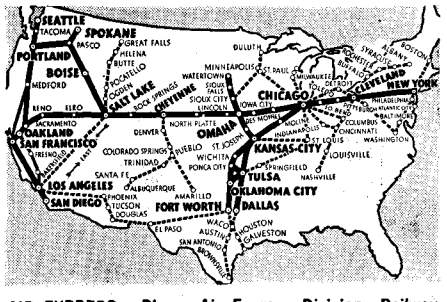

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Starlight Rider

Continued from page 28

were putting the kid under pressure—that cruel force so common in the Powder—and Willy Bones was showing the straight, fine grain of courage all the way through. This was TS business and so far none of his affair, yet his own position was bad, for what happened next would be as abrupt and immediate as a clap of thunder. Letting his big fists fall beside him, he turned on the TS sentry across the archway who so ceaselessly watched him.

"Move out in the street."

The man showed surprise by the slight widening of his eyes. He shook his head.

"You'll have your turn later," snapped Hugh. "Get out of this stable."

The man's reply was a slow crooking of his elbows, a slight parting of his lips. Tracy, shrewdly guessing he could crack this fellow's nerve, ripped out another sentence: "The ball's about to open, and I'd as soon open it now. Want to have a try with me?"

The other let out a breath, cursed slowly. "I'll go down the walk a few steps—not another inch."

"Go on!"

He walked toward the sentry. The latter, hamstrung by sudden doubt, grudgingly slid around the stable's wall and backed away along the sidewalk. Tracy stopped where the other had been, his one flank at least safe. Sid Maunders, marching on through the dust, finally halted at arm's length from Willy Bones, the enormous, box-square torso dwarfing the youngster. His head tipped down a little, and across the flat-featured face lay the only expression he wore—that swart and unimaginative sullenness of one who lived in a starkly shadowed world. He thrust his hand half outward.

"Shake, Willy."

As cold and blunt as that the trick was to be done. Tracy saw the trap open on him. Willy Bones remained rigid, nothing showing on his cheeks. Yet the strain of it corded his neck muscles against the sorrel skin and every muscle seemed locked. Tracy balanced the alternatives in his head, just as he knew Willy Bones was doing. If the kid refused to shake, the quarrel was made and Maunders would snap at the chance; if the kid accepted that bruising paw, he would be tricked and killed. As cold and blunt as that it was to be done.

"What for?" asked Bones.

"I ain't seen you for a while," jeered Maunders.

"You been on my trail since I left TS," protested Bones. "And I been mindin' my own business strictly."

"Sure you have. Yore a bright lad."

"Damn you!" cried Bones, "leave me alone! It was a sorry day for me when I went to work for Tade Shadrow! I been cheated out of my wages, dogged around the hills and tracked like a wolf! All I want to do is to get out of this country!"

"Shake hands, Willy."

TRACY rapidly checked his position. On his left he was safe—being slightly inside the arch. Maunders was the only man directly in front. To his right a raking fire could reach him; and throwing a glance that way he found Lake Tolbert lounging against a building wall across the street. Each part of the machine had slipped quietly into its place.

"My arm's gettin' tired, Bones," growled Maunders. "Shake."

Willy Bones swayed on his heels. Tracy, all at once proud of the kid, thought he had decided to refuse the hand and go down trying; and at that a headlong, overmastering impulse snapped the last fetter of caution.

"Take his hand, Willy," he exploded.

Willy Bones was at the breaking point, oscillating between purposes; the words drove into him and released the trigger set of his mind. Instantly, blindly, he seized the black fist stretched toward him. Maunders cursed out an enraged "Damn you!" and knocked the hand aside, throwing himself around at Tracy. Poised there in the archway, Tracy knew then he had stepped into the trap prepared for him; but he was past caring, ridden by a savage desire to have the cards played out for whatever they were worth.

"TRACY," cried Maunders, "are you takin' up this quarrel?"

"It's what you wanted. Go ahead—make your try."

"Try? Damn you, I never try—I finish!"

"You didn't last time, Sid," said Tracy.

"You lie, if—"

A shrill coyote yell burst like an alarm through the street, went wailing between the building walls. Maunders' teeth clamped down on an unspoken phrase. Across the brutal pattern of his cheeks ran a straining attention. Every man within Tracy's vision instantly wheeled about to the northward. And Lake Tolbert's rearing body stood where it had been before, motionless.

"Vivian!" roared Tracy. Unnoticed, Willy Bones slowly edged into the archway and flattened himself behind the wall, across from Tracy. Tracy yelled again: "Bill—stay where you are!"

"Ain't I?" cried an ironic voice. "Hell, ain't I? Tolbert, I got a bead on that bone rack of yours!"

"He's behind Overholt's!"

An uneasy puncher started to run and was brought up by a command from Tolbert that was like the slash of a whip: "Stay put, you fool!"

The hunting glint passed out of his eyes, and Tracy knew that one climax had come and gone. The sure chance was lost—and Maunders was recoiling from pure gamble. Both his arms relaxed and quite slowly he turned his body toward Lake Tolbert. Nothing was said between them, but nothing could have been clearer than the unspoken question passed across to the TS foreman. Tolbert pushed himself away from the building wall.

"All right," said he laconically. "Show's over."

"Back up, Sid," ordered Tracy. "If you're all through, back up."

Tolbert's level, inscrutable glance came over to Tracy. "You're a lucky man, Hugh."

"Is that all?" grunted Tracy.

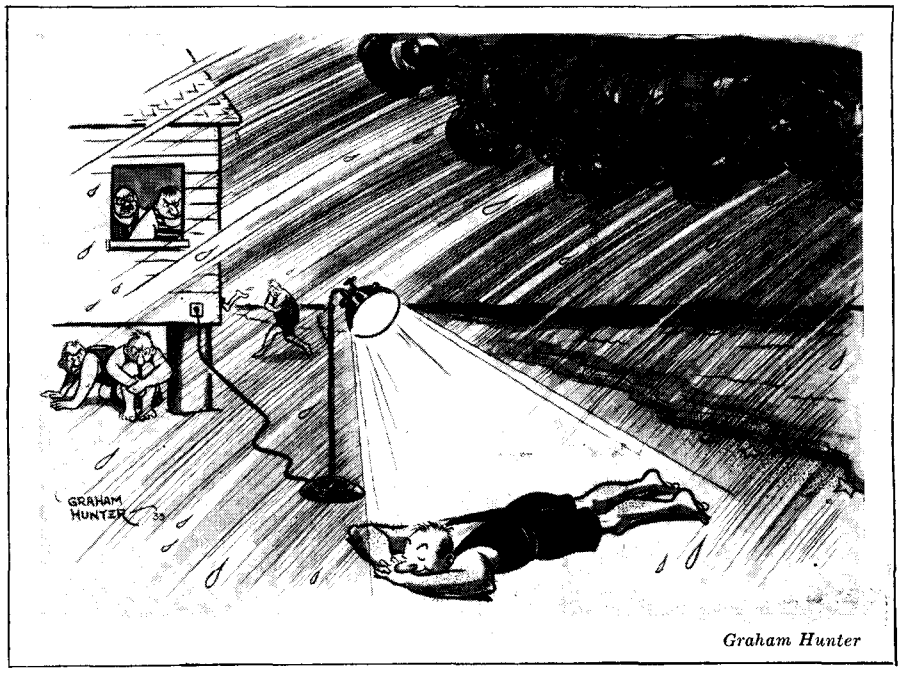
"I'm a poker player, too," replied Tolbert. "One of these days you'll draw to an inside straight—and lose."

A rider galloped out of the north at a dead heat, sending a call ahead. "Shadrow—where's Shadrow?" Then he saw Tolbert and bent down from the saddle. Something was said. Tolbert pointed toward the courthouse, smashed his palm against the pony's rump and sent it on. The lackadaisical calm of this TS foreman deserted him for once. Already on the run for his pony by the saloon, he rapped out a bomb-like order: "Stirrups—all of you!" Nothing more, but enough. The stationed punchers broke, dodging along the street. Maunders alone stood still and Tolbert, looking back, hailed him with a more incisive command: "Let that matter drop, Sid!"

THE messenger reached the head of the street, yelling for Shadrow again and the turmoil increased. Maunders went plunging into the confusion, thrusting others aside with his burly fists. Dust rose like smoke and through it men's faces were a staring yellow. Riders and beasts fought for head room. Shadrow's agitated command faintly penetrated the mêlée: "Everybody up! I mean everybody! Tolbert—Maunders! Where are you?" Rail straight in his saddle, Lake Tolbert reined to the middle of the street and laid his words about him as he would have used a quirt. "Get on—get on! Head north! Get on!" One wing and another of the party streamed raggedly by. Maunders wheeled beside the foreman, and Tade Shadrow spurred up. The others fell beside him and went away at dead tilt.

But Tracy, rooted in the archway, suddenly swore round and full. For another rider had come from the courthouse with Tade Shadrow and now rode abreast the three. It was Lynn Isherwood and in passing Tracy she flashed a glance at him out of a dead white face; dark fear was in her eyes, but no recognition.

(To be continued next week)



Graham Hunter

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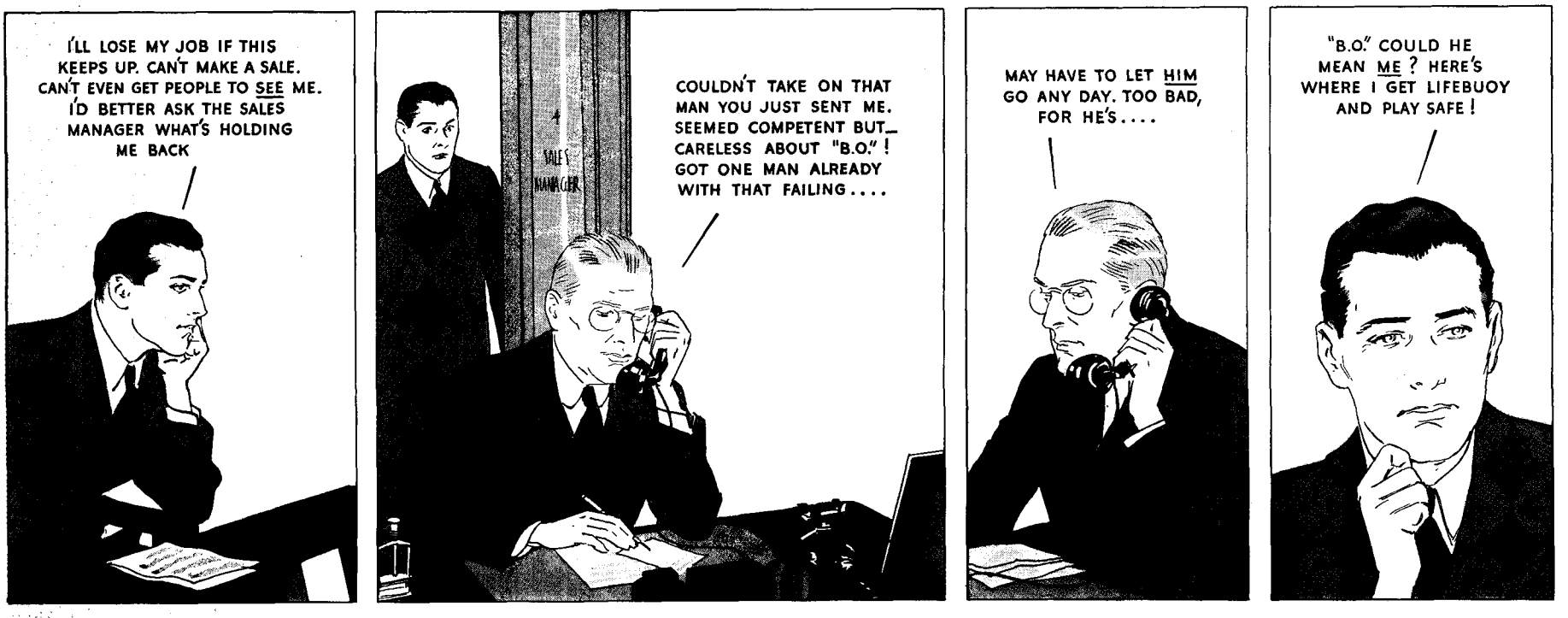
....WARNED JUST IN TIME.... by Timmins


I'LL LOSE MY JOB IF THIS KEEPS UP. CAN'T MAKE A SALE. CAN'T EVEN GET PEOPLE TO SEE ME. I'D BETTER ASK THE SALES MANAGER WHAT'S HOLDING ME BACK
SALES MANAGER
COULDN'T TAKE ON THAT MAN YOU JUST SENT ME. SEEMED COMPETENT BUT— CARELESS ABOUT "B.O."! GOT ONE MAN ALREADY WITH THAT FAILING....
MAY HAVE TO LET HIM GO ANY DAY. TOO BAD, FOR HE'S....
"B.O." COULD HE MEAN ME? HERE'S WHERE I GET LIFEBUOY AND PLAY SAFE!

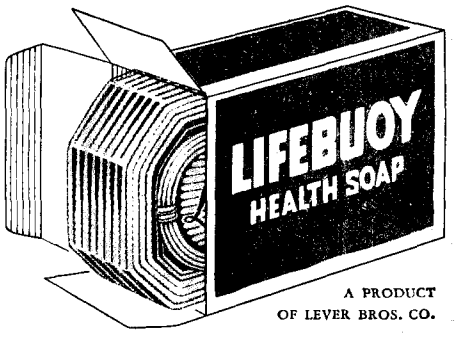
NO "B.O." to stop him NOW!
HE'S JUST SOLD A BIG ORDER TO OLD SMITH, THE TOUGHEST BIRD TO SELL IN THIS TERRITORY
THAT MEANS AN EXTRA BONUS FOR HIM THIS MONTH, TOO!

"B.O." (body odor) has crippled many a promising career

THESE days when jobs are hard to get—hard to hold—don't risk the handicap of "B.O." (*body odor*)! The merest hint brands you as careless, undesirable. Play safe this hot, "perspiry" weather—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its clean, fresh, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy is no ordinary toilet soap. Its rich, hygienic lather purifies and *deodorizes* pores—stops "B.O."

Improves complexion, too

Lifebuoy's bland, creamy lather *deep-cleanses* pores—searches out every speck of grimed-in dirt and clogged impurities—makes dull skins fairly glow with health. Women everywhere find Lifebuoy the ideal complexion soap—its gentle lather kind to the most delicate skin.



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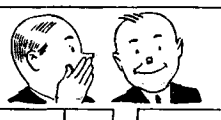
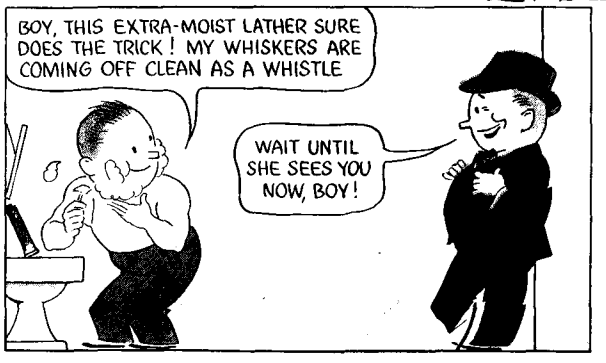
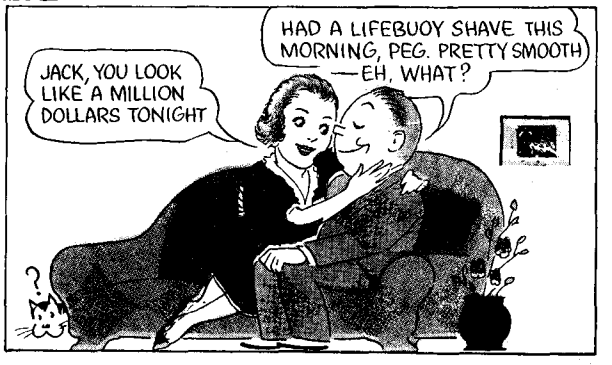
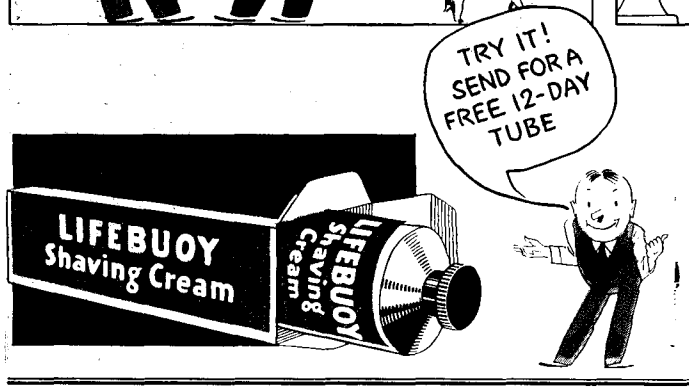


by J.F. HART

GEE, WHAT A TURN-DOWN. SHE ASKED IF I WAS GROWING A BEARD I SHAVED THIS MORNING, TOO
NEXT TIME USE LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM. YOU'LL GET CLOSER SHAVES


BOY, THIS EXTRA-MOIST LATHER SURE DOES THE TRICK! MY WHISKERS ARE COMING OFF CLEAN AS A WHISTLE
WAIT UNTIL SHE SEES YOU NOW, BOY!





Quick-drying lather ruins many a shave

This new extra-moist lather soaks beards soft for clean, lasting shaves

MAN, you've never had a really clean shave until you've had a "Lifebuoy Shave". Ordinary light, quick-drying lather just can't give you a smooth, lasting shave. But Lifebuoy Shaving Cream lather is extra-moist—holds 52% more moisture—and holds it to the end of the shave. It *keeps whiskers soaked soft—extra-soft.* Thus you get the cleanest, fastest, best-feeling shave of your whole life. And it's easy on the face—leaves it soft, pliant, refreshed. Economical, too, a little makes such a big lather. Try it. Get the big, cheery, red tube at your druggist's. Or write for a free trial tube to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. A-117, Cambridge, Mass. (*This offer good in U. S. and Canada only.*)

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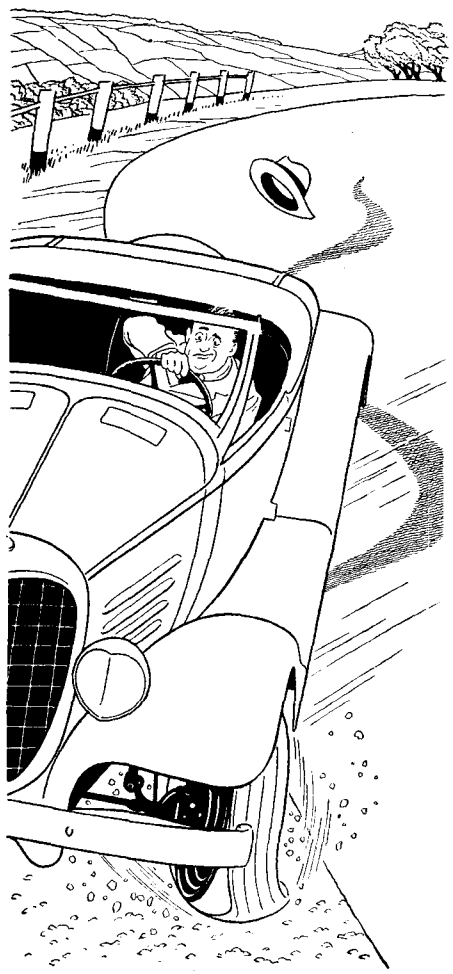

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Neglected or improper inflation is the commonest cause of blow-outs. But with a set of Schrader Dublcheks on your valve stems you'll never again find it "too much trouble" to keep your tires properly inflated.

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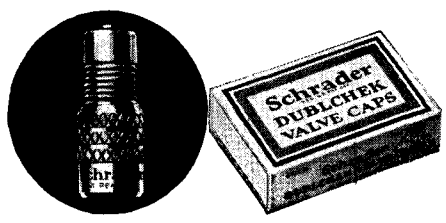

Be sure it's a Schrader—Look for the name

Schrader Dublcheks are made by the manufacturers of Schrader Metal Valves and Valve Parts, which are recognized as standard and used as initial equipment by tire manufacturers the world over. Millions of sturdy, dependable Schrader Metal Valves have outlived tube and tire. Designed to insure rigidity and efficient operation under all *driving conditions.*

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Tire-saving Valves, Caps and Gauges

Manhattan Love Song

Continued from page 9

to master the depression. That's all. There are a hundred and thirty million persons in this country. Most of them will live during the next few years; not many starve to death. Motor-cars kill a thousand persons for every one that starves to death, and we aren't afraid of motor-cars. We're just—scared of the word depression, that's all. We won't think it out, we won't work it out; we're scared.

"In New York City alone seven million persons are going on living, aren't they, Chris, no matter what the depression does or doesn't do?"

"I suppose so," he said, with his slow smile.

"It would be terrible to have all the problems solved, and everyone fat and lazy and warm and not worried," Fanny went on, encouraged.

"WHAT a thing for a girl to say!" Chris burst out, and Fanny immediately shriveled.

"Well, of course I didn't mean that!" she protested quickly. "I mean that since—*since* there are problems like this, we four—just the four of us, going on to New York, which is, after all, the biggest city—we ought to be the ones to help solve them, first for ourselves, and then for everyone else. We—"

Chris sat up, tumbled and drowsy and sleepy, in the grass, and blinked at them. "What are we talking about?" he asked, glancing at his wrist watch.

"This," Fanny replied. "Are we made of the same stuff as the people who came across the plains in covered wagons or across the ocean in sailing vessels, and cooked and camped and bore children and fought Indians and were washed out and began all over again, with a touch of scurvy added or a Civil War breaking loose? Or aren't we?"

"Speak freely, Pollyanna, you're among friends," Chris said. But he said it with his odd, crooked smile—that smile of his—there wasn't any other like it—

Fanny felt the happy color in her cheeks again as she went on:

"I only mean this, Chris—at least, I think this is what I mean: Last year—now, for instance, take this: Last year thirty-three thousand persons were killed and a million seriously injured by motor-cars. And yet it doesn't scare anyone, just because we—we haven't started up the fear culture in that direction."

"Not as many as that, Fanny," Christopher said.

"Those are the actual statistics. I got 'em for my 'Civilization Today' thing. Now, the depression *will* kill some people, we know that, Chris. But it won't kill 'em the way flu does or war does or motors do. Everybody's been pretty well shaken up, and everybody's settling down into different grooves, with different—different—"

"Standards," Madge supplied.

"Standards. But what of it? The only ones that'll starve are the vagrants—like that old man at Mayfield last week, wandering along the highway, not knowing that there was a food bureau within two blocks."

"Ah, yes, Fan, but the *anxiety!*" Chris put in. "The ones that can't take charity! Fathers of families, afraid of losing their jobs, women with children—"

"Afraid—ah, there you have it, Chris. It's the fear that does it. Why aren't they afraid of war or motors or flu? They aren't, though those may mean death. But as for charity," Fanny said in her airy, careless way, "there oughtn't to be any such thing. There's plenty of food in America and Americans ought to have it. It's ridiculous to take policing and mail service and military protection and sanitation and schooling from your government, and not call it charity, and then the minute you're given an apple begin to resent being pauperized. There's no such thing, where food is concerned. Everyone ought to breathe and drink water and eat just because he's alive, and where this nonsense started about an expensive school course being your right, and a buttered bun being charity, I don't see! Feed everyone, that's what I say, and afterward argue about economics and unemployment and everything!"

"Sure enough. You wouldn't have revolutions and riots if everyone was well fed without hurting his self-respect," Chris observed thoughtfully.

"Oh, but, Fan, you'd have to make the world over," Madge said.

"Well, somewhat," Fanny agreed, "but not half as much as you think."

"Listen, here's the way that tune goes," Mack contributed, rousing up from half-sleep, beginning to whistle. The interruption was taken by them all as a sort of signal; they got to their feet, stood stretching and yawning sleepily in the softened sunshine. There was a veil across the west now, and a soft fog was creeping over the tops of the hills. A cool breeze rippled over the grass and the blown poppies showed satiny creases.

"So it's New York for all four of us, is it?" Chris asked musingly, as they started down the hill.

"For me. I feel that there's something for me to do there," Fanny answered promptly.

"Oh, I've got to have my New York year!" Madge exclaimed.

"I'm going to bust into broadcasting there or die," Mack added.

"And how soon after commencement? And do we go together?"

"Ah, yes, together!" Madge pleaded.

"Why not?" Fanny asked. "We're moderns. Madge's mother has asked me to stay with them at the school for a few days, and she's going to see us off at Sixteenth Street in Oakland, and treat us to a compartment. We may come back hitch-hiking, but we'll start in style. And then we'll have Madge's hundred, and you're going to get—?"

"Eighteen a week," Chris supplied, wincing.

"And I'll have about three hundred to draw on," Fanny said brightly, "and Mack—Mack'll get something right away. What ought you get, Mack?"

"I ought to get fifty or sixty a week if I make good at all on the air," Mack stated firmly.

"Oh, well, now, look—that's *oceans!*" decided Fanny. "We can help one another until we all get going."

"I THINK we're all crazy," Chris murmured. But there was no real uneasiness in his tone, and they were all laughing as they reached Fraternity Row, and separated for afternoon work. Madge rushed into the History building; Chris disappeared into the Library; Mack and Fanny walked on together.

"Flicker tonight?"

"Flicker? Good heavens, boy, I'm working from now to finals like a mad woman—all night—towels around my head!"

"I ought to be," Mack said gloomily. "I think they'll flunk me. But what of it? Want to come down to Sticky's and have a sundae?"

"I can't."

"I suppose if I got a fifty- or sixty-a-week job it wouldn't make any difference," Mack mumbled suddenly, at the foot of the Psychology Building steps. There was a pause.

"Ah, don't talk like that," Fanny said affectionately then.

"All right—all right—all right!" he said angrily. He nodded as they parted, going off without a backward look, but Fanny stood looking after him regretfully, her head tipped to one side, her eyes thoughtful. A girl stopped him before he had gone a dozen paces; a girl always would, of course.

Fanny was busy for a hard three hours; it was five o'clock when she came out into the afternoon light, and saw that a great creamy blanket of fog had enveloped the world. The avenues and lanes of the college were thronged with hurrying figures now; girls in sweaters, boys in sweaters, girls calling to one another, boys rending the air with catcalls and shouts and sharp whistles. There was a crowd at the post office; another at the coöperative shop; the long line of shabby little open cars down on the circle were coughing and humming and choking busily. One after another, with a whooping acceleration of gas, they swept away down the grade under the tall eucalyptus trees; Fraternity Row was lighted now, and by its opening and closing doors the current was slowly being assimilated.

FANNY walked home, enjoying the fresh air after the classroom, the bustle about her, the occasional encounter with someone she knew. The sorority house, old-fashioned, brown-shingled, spacious, was but a few long blocks away, and those blocks were lovely with brimming gardens, hospitable porches and windows, great tree shadows, and the crystal fountains of water sprinklers. The last of the sunlight was being vanquished by the fog; great streamers of soft mist were winding themselves in and out of the peppers and oaks.

There were girls strewn about the big downstairs rooms of the house; there was an open fire. Some girls were studying, four were playing bridge, a girl at the piano was patiently fitting chords together, saying "Bother!" and beginning over again. An agreeable smell of cooking was in the air; some nights it was disheartening, sprouts or onions, or the disgusting gluey smell of tripe, but tonight it had a crisp poultry-like odor—spare ribs, Fanny remembered—and a delicious overtone of cherry pie. She was house manager; had saved her board bill by assuming this responsibility, and she knew full well that a roast-turkey smell didn't mean roast turkey, and that they had had roast beef exactly once since Christmas. But spare ribs were popular, and cherry pie would heal all wounds.

"Fanny darling," said an eager girl from the fireplace, where she was doubled up over a thick, dull-looking book, "will you look at my—shall I say blarsted?—thesis; I put it on your bed, and Nokes telephoned, and will you come to the last rehearsal tonight, and be the scream in the surgery Friday night?"

"I could be the scream," Fanny agreed, from the stairs, "but I don't see how I could get to that rehearsal. I wonder if Howard would let me meet him somewhere tomorrow and do the scream?"

"Middle of University Avenue, for instance?" a third girl suggested, and several girls laughed.

(Continued on page 34*)*

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Something More than Beer is back

Beer is back! In those three simple words a great American industry goes back to work. Hands long idle find new jobs. Faces empty of hope brighten to a new promise. Thousands upon thousands find honorable livelihood. A vast American market—a new frontier of industry reopens, — bringing sorely needed business to farmers, transportation and to hundreds of other industries. And with it, a new fountain head of tax revenue arises to add its dollars gladly to a nation in need.

Beer is back! But is that all? No! To cheer, to quicken American life with hospitality of old, the friendly glass of good-fellowship is back. Sociability and good living return to their own, once more to mingle with memories and sentiments of yesterday. America looks forward—and feels better... *Beer is back!* Yes! More than that. Beer at its best is back—the brew that outsold any other brand of bottled beer on earth; brewed and fully aged in the largest brewery in the world.

BUDWEISER IS BACK

King of Bottled Beer

Anheuser-Busch · St. Louis

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"In a month... not a trace of CONSTIPATION"

reports the famous DR. DAVID *of Paris*

Dr. David describes this typical case from his practice:—

"MADEMOISELLE P.—No appetite. Tongue coated. Breath bad. Poor digestion. Was badly constipated most of the time.

"I prescribed yeast.* Two weeks later her tongue was clean and she had recovered her appetite. In less than a month not a trace of her former constipation remained."

THE case described above is just another example of how world-famous doctors are correcting constipation with an extraordinary *food-remedy!*

Dr. David, Officier de l'Académie and Vice-President of the Société Médicale de l'Opéra, of Paris, is one of France's most outstanding medical men. He states:

"Constipation should not be trifled with ... Prolonged use of cathartics and laxatives irritates, exhausts the intestines ... The most effective agent for correcting constipation, in my opinion, *is fresh yeast.*"

If you are troubled with constipation, why not add Fleischmann's Yeast to *your* diet? It actually *strengthens* your intestines. Also, it attacks and softens the wastes in your body so they can be passed off easily.

So . . . *try* Fleischmann's Yeast. It will stimulate your system—purify it—rid it of poisonous wastes. And you'll be more than rewarded as your skin, your digestion, your "pep" reflect your improved bodily "tone."

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Just eat 3 cakes daily—starting now. Directions are on the label.

*"Last fall," writes D. Roxann Maxwell, of Philadelphia, "I felt tired and headachy all day long . . . sluggish. My skin started to break out, too . . . I knew doctors recommended Fleischmann's Yeast for skin troubles, so I tried it. It not only cleared my skin. It rid me of my *other* troubles, too!"*

*** IMPORTANT!**

Fleischmann's Yeast for health—in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label—is yeast in its fresh, effective form—rich in vitamins B, G and D—the kind famous doctors advise.

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Manhattan Love Song

Continued from page 32

"Meet Howard in front of Frazer's," the first girl giggled, "and go into the big scream scene, and Ruth'll divorce him!"

"Ruth's going to have a baby."

"Who said so?"

"'Lizabeth met her at Lee's, and she said so."

"'Lizabeth," Fanny said, addressing a small, pale girl in glasses, "you're visiting an obstetrician, are you, my girl? Look up, and give over that hang-dog look, and come clean."

"Fanny, honestly," Elizabeth said, between a giggle and a protest, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"I am," said Fanny. "Always."

She bounded on to her own roof room, a room with tabled windows on three sides, and plenty of book and storage space beneath the sloped rafters. It was the biggest room in the house; Fanny shared it with Madge, who had gained it because of her position as a "legacy" and a "nugget" when the sorority rushing had commenced three years ago. Madge was a "legacy" because her clever school-keeping mother had belonged to the Alpha Alpha Epsilons, and a "nugget" because she was an A scholar, a personage of high rating in the important I.Q., and charming into the bargain.

FANNY had stepped neatly in to share these honors with Madge because she was Fanny; instantly head and front of everything she did, for no special reason. Her marks in the wild conglomeration of schools she had attended before college were not conspicuously good; her intelligence questionnaire had been strangely incomplete. Fanny, when any of her hysterical friends would listen, would explain this by saying that she had found an injured baby chipmunk just before entering the hall to fill the silly darned thing out, and between feeding the chipmunk apple and warming it in the roll collar of her sweater the time had flown by and she hadn't paid any attention to several quite important questions. But no one ever listened to the defense. Fanny was just "cuckoo," and they all adored her. She had made Stanford, of course, and the Alpha Alpha Epsilon, too, and she could have been house president, only she preferred to be manager and save her forty dollars a month.

Tonight she found Madge lying flat on the bed, resting. Fanny followed her first careless glance with a shrewder one. Madge had been crying. The other girl went over and sat down beside her, and put her big, thin, brown hand over Madge's and asked gently:

"What about, honey?"

"I don't know," said Madge, gulping, smiling through wet lashes.

"Tired?"

"I guess so."

Fanny got up, and ranged about the room; she was presently in a long, limp kimono, and wandered down the hall to the bathroom, her soap and towel in her hand. When she came back she looked fresher and brought with her the good smell of soap and powder and violet water.

"I used your violet, miss. *J'ai usé ton eau de Cologne, Mademoiselle Rond-arbre.*"

"Ass," said Madge adoringly.

"Mary Julia was taking a bath; I washed her back," Fanny said, busy with brushes at her bureau. She snapped up a light, and it struck golden sparks from her tumble of bright hair. "She let me in, you know, and I said, 'Come right in, O'Connor, this is the bad faucet,' and I wish you could have seen Mary Julia take to the bath shower curtain!"

"Fanny, if you were in love with someone, and wanted him most terribly to—to like you, what would you do?"

A pause. Fanny looked down into an opened bureau drawer, spoke somewhat thickly. The name of "Chris" seemed to be shouted in the room.

"Why? Do you think—I—I like someone, and am trying to get him?"

"Oh, Fanny, *you!*" Madge exclaimed, with a burst of shaky laughter. "You could get anyone you wanted, you goose!"

"Oh, I don't know!" Fanny said airily. But she was breathing hard, looking steadily at her own eyes in the mirror. Chris—did Madge want Chris?

"I was asking *you*, Fan. How—how can I make a man like me?"

"Go on exactly the way you are, Madge," Fanny said, in an odd tone, after a moment's hesitation. "You have everything a man wants, my dear. You're little and sweet and responsive, and a good listener, and easy on the eyes. I wouldn't worry. He'll see it—one of these days when we're all sweltering in the New York heat he'll suddenly awaken to the fact that there are women in the world—"

"You know who it is," Madge murmured, suffocated.

"I suppose I do," Fanny said, steadily, continuing her brushing and creaming, not smiling, not looking at the other girl. Who could it be but Chris?

"But, Fan, I think he *does* know there are women in the world. I think it's you."

"Me he likes, you mean?" Fanny asked, clearing her throat. Stars danced in her head. Her face was dark with color; she did not look at Madge.

"You know it!"

"I *don't* know it. What makes you think that?"

"Every time he looks at you!" Madge said, with a little shred of despairing laughter. "I know *Mack.*"

"Mack," Fanny presently said slowly, heavily. The name was like a stone, dropping to the bottom of her heart. The world had gone dark.

"You see that, Fanny, that Mack likes you? He's told you so?" Madge followed it up eagerly. Fanny's mind was in too great a confusion to make her answer coherent. But she managed to say "Nonsense!" convincingly, once or twice. Madge and Mack—then it wasn't Chris who had made Madge cry—it was Mack whom Madge loved—

"I rather thought it was Chris, Madge."

"CHRIS!" Madge laughed, dismissing the suggestion carelessly. Her face grew earnest again. "Fanny, do you think I'm a fool about Mack?" she pleaded. "It came on—like that, like a snap of your fingers. One minute he was just Mack, and the next—

"Fanny," she asked, in a silence, "he likes you, *terribly*, doesn't he?"

Fanny's head was in the overshoe closet; she was apparently rummaging about among tennis shoes and skates and rackets and jig-saw puzzles and old coats and card tables and properties for charades.

"He what?" she asked, sitting back flushed and tousled, on her heels.

"Mack likes you terribly, doesn't he?" Madge persisted, in a light, fluttered voice, turning the knife in her heart.

"He likes us both terribly, Madge. Yes," Fanny added, with an air that indicated to perfection a casual consideration of the question, "there's no doubt he had a crush—"

"Oh, I know that! I know *that!*" Madge conceded feverishly.

"He had it," Fanny repeated thoughtfully, stressing the second word faintly.

"You think he's over it, Fanny? And you don't care one bit?"

"I think the minute he strikes New York he'll forget everything he ever knew before. No, I don't care for Mack, that way," Fanny added, considering. "I like him quite well enough to marry him, without one particle of thrill. And I'm afraid that along about nine o'clock on the evening of my wedding day I'd begin to think I was a fool. I couldn't go through with it—seeing him at the breakfast table every day—and I like him, darn it, too!" Fanny broke off to say, thinking aloud.

"Then when you told me to go right along as I was, you didn't think it was Mack, Fanny?"

Fanny looked up, narrowing her eyes, as one trying to think.

"What did you say, darling?"

"Whom did you think I was in love with, Fanny?"

"I told you I thought it might be Chris," Fanny answered with some little difficulty. She was doubled over, buckling slippers.

"Chris!" Madge echoed. "Do you know I don't think Chris has much appeal for some girls," she said ingenuously.

"Chris hasn't?"

"Do you think so? I'm horribly sorry about it. I'm not going to tub, it's too late," Madge said, at the mirror in her turn. "I'm sort of glad we talked about this, Fan, before we all start East."

"BUT why—" Fanny was at the casement window now, and had opened it to the soft spring night, and was leaning out. "The fog's gone, it's lovely out," she said. "Why should you feel horribly sorry that Chris doesn't appeal to women?" she asked carefully.

"Because it makes you feel so—so cheap, especially when it's an Abraham Lincolny sort of man like Chris," Madge answered, between hard presses of a lipstick to her lips.

"You mean when he likes you?" Fanny asked in a strained voice.

"Well, yes. And I like him—tremendously," Madge, noticing nothing, answered innocently. "I'm crazy about Chris, in a way. Fanny, tie it for me, will you?"

Fanny tied an organdie scarf. She was suddenly sick of the whole thing—college, New York plans, everything. There was a taste of salt water in her mouth and her spine felt cold.

Fraternity Row, blazing with lights, stirring with boys who were coming and going like ants in ant hills, was just below her. There were silhouettes at all the windows, and dark forms on the porches and lawns. The spring night was languid with warmth and sweetness.

"Come on!" Madge said, ready.

"I'm coming!" Fanny lingered to look at one more boy racing out of the Chi Psi house, tearing toward the Library. He had a brown overcoat, like Chris, and he was square and big, like Chris. But it was not Chris.

"We all graduate next month," Fanny said in her heart. "We all go to New York to make our fortunes. And Madge is in love with Mack, and Mack with me, and Chris with Madge, and I with Chris! What a world! I wonder if we can ever straighten it out!"

(To be continued next week)

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HIS HEART QUICKENED AT THE SOFT FRAGRANCE OF HER CHEEKS

BUT

HER SHOES HID A SORRY CASE OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

WHAT a shock to think that anyone so dainty, so lovely, so desirable could have such a repugnant thing as this furtive disease! Have it and neglect it! For night after night she has looked at those dainty toes—watched them break out in tiny blisters—found them stickily moist—felt them itch—seen them peel—and she's never done anything about it!

How CAN anyone neglect this common infection?

Although more than ten million people are infected with "Athlete's Foot"—and the United States Public Health Service even asserts in one of its Bulletins that *"it is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time"*—you can hardly help feeling sensitive about it. But that's no reason for neglecting it—if you value the opinion of others or your own comfort and safety.

Danger signals—watch for them

You may have the first symptoms of "Athlete's Foot" and not know what it is. Examine the skin between your toes. Is it stickily moist? Are there little eruptions or blisters—red patches—dead white skin—or peeling? Is there a crawling, burrowing itching? Each of these symptoms may appear at different stages of the infection, and if you have any one of them, *play safe* and begin at once to douse on Absorbine Jr., morning and night.

"Athlete's Foot" is caused by a tiny germ, *tinea trichophyton,* which if neglected may bore so deep that it takes the skilful care of a doctor to dislodge it. And when it starts open sores, you're exposed to even more serious infection—such as blood poisoning, lockjaw, or erysipelas—which can become dangerous in the blood stream.

Use Absorbine Jr. to kill the germ of "Athlete's Foot"

Laboratory and clinical tests demonstrate that soothing, healing Absorbine Jr. kills the germ of "Athlete's Foot" and kills it quickly whenever the germ can be reached, without harming delicate tissues.

But don't stop when you get relief. Avoid the constant risk of re-infection. You are continually exposed—in the bathrooms of even the finest hotels, in the showers and locker-rooms of your club—even in the spotless bathroom of your own home, this hardy germ lives and lurks for weeks, waiting to attack bare feet on wet surfaces. Your own shoes and socks or stockings can re-infect you, because socks must be *boiled* 15 minutes to kill this germ. Keep on using Absorbine Jr. as a wise precaution.

Beware of complications

Don't experiment with weak and worthless imitations which have flooded the market to trade upon the proved success of Absorbine Jr. When you fail to stop "Athlete's Foot" it can run into even more dangerous infections. Thousands of grateful letters say Absorbine Jr. gets results. All druggists sell it, $1.25. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 357 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass. *In Canada:* Lyman Building, Montreal.

ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, aches, bruises, burns, sleeplessness sprains, abrasions

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"IN Close-ups"

Trust Vicks Voratone

— a Better Mouth-wash at a Big Saving

VICKS Voratone...the new antiseptic mouth-wash and gargle by the makers of VapoRub...brings your mouth a delightful freedom from odor and after-taste of food or tobacco. Although pleasant and safe, it *exceeds* standard requirements for antiseptics. You can depend on it...full-strength or diluted. Money back if not delighted.

BIG 10-OZ. BOTTLE...35¢

VICKS *Voratone* ANTISEPTIC

COOLER WEATHER ahead for SMART SHAVERS

finish off with Aqua Velva

A small fraction of a cent per day buys enough Aqua Velva for a cooling, sparkling finish to the shave. A boost out of morning doldrums. And it does other things, too. Read the points below.

Helps to care for tiny nicks and cuts.
Helps to conserve the skin's natural moisture.
Keeps the skin flexible.
Helps protect from sun and wind.
Helps to keep the face looking and feeling Fit!

By the makers of Williams Shaving Cream and GLIDER, the Williams Brushless Shave.

The Farmer is Whistling Again!

Continued from page 13

"Where's that new license?" he asked.

"Got only twelve dollars for that whole load of pigs," he said. "Have to go home and bring back a couple more."

We've seen what happened to the farmer when beef prices went up. Now let's consider the amazing boom in hogs. Granted that the boom came from bottom prices; nevertheless, at this writing the rise has been sufficient to make all hog-raising farmers whistle again. "Boom" is almost an inadequate word for what happened. Wherever I went among the farmers, I had a sense of being in a sort of gold rush. Radios were turned on everywhere in hotel lobbies, drug stores, grocery stores, meat shops, barber shops, restaurants, homes. Market reports came through hourly, or even more frequently, from Chicago, Kansas City, Des Moines, Omaha—wherever hogs were sold. Everyone knew the latest quotations. Farmers, merchants, professional men watched the radio, as stockbrokers watch the ticker tape. One day hogs were "five-five"; that means $5.05 a hundredweight. The next day the top was "five-fifteen"; the next "five-thirty-five"; the next "five-fifty." You heard these figures everywhere. It was like an oil boom.

These technical figures can't mean much to city folks, but I can straighten them out, I think, so that the tremendous significance of them to the farmer will be very clear to the niftiest city lover of bacon and eggs.

Let's take an average hog. He weighs 240 pounds. It happens that Iowa farmers handle and sell about one million pounds of him per month the year around, so you'll have to multiply our one hog by several thousands to get a fair picture of the immensity of what was happening, not only in the state of Iowa but in the ten other states where hog raising is a great industry.

He weighs 240 pounds. Now, only last winter, say in December, the farmer would sell a hog of his size for $6.60; that was at the rate of "two-seventy-five" a hundred. Now compare this with the technical "five-fifty" a hundred. That's $13.20 for the same hog that, only a few months before, sold for $6.60!

Hogs have doubled in value; that's what that meant. Wherever you go in these Midwest states you see hogs. Each one of these hordes of hogs had suddenly become twice as valuable as before. One hog would pay as much taxes as two hogs would have paid not long before; or would buy twice as many pairs of shoes.

A Safe Price for Hogs

"Five-fifty" hogs—is that enough to pay a farmer for raising them? Well, that all depends on what happens to be the price of corn. At the time I speak of there was a glorious profit in hogs at "five-fifty" because they had been fed with corn that cost only twelve cents a bushel. Here's a farmer's formula:

"Five-cent hogs call for fifty-cent corn; six-cent hogs call for sixty-cent corn; seven-cent hogs call for seventy-cent corn and eight-cent hogs call for eighty-cent corn." Hogs are on the corn standard; or corn is on the hog standard. I couldn't tell which. But anyhow they're not supposed to be pulled apart. However, somehow, in the whirl of farm price ascension they had been pulled apart, for here were "five-fifty" hogs raised on twelve-cent corn. A bonanza! More oil-rush excitement. For the farmer who had twelve-cent corn it was also a bonanza for he did not sell his corn but turned it into four-dollar or four-fifty or five-dollar pork. Yes, "five-fifty" hogs paid the farmer well, with cheap corn. The "safe price" for hogs fixed by experts and agreed to by all the farmers and field buyers that I talked with, is seven-and-a-quarter-cent hogs, with seventy-five-cent corn. That price pays mortgage interest, taxes and profits.

But corn didn't stay at twelve cents. If the gold-rush in hogs, with a doubling in price, was exciting for the farmer, what, do you imagine, did he feel, do and say when corn began to rocket?

Beef had gone up, as we have seen, 44 per cent; hogs had risen over one hundred per cent.

A Corner in Corn

What about corn? Let me tell about a young man named Yegge in the little town of Dewitt, Iowa. I found I could get a better picture of the immense thing that was happening by sticking to the small incidents and cases and then trying to multiply them by a million. He's the town's wholesale and retail oil and gas man. He took in corn for oil, when people didn't have the cash, or when they fell behind in paying debts. He took in corn when things looked darkest. In a near-by town they were shoveling good corn into the furnace to heat the high school; people were learning how to get a good bed of coals in the stove or furnace at night and pile on the corn in close rows so that they could keep up a good fire until morning—and it worked well, too; corn, they told me, is just as good and hot as coal any day, if you watch it. But Yegge took it in at ten cents; twelve cents, fourteen cents a bushel. He filled sheds with it at the lumber yards and empty coal bins down by the tracks; he kept saying, "Corn is the biggest crop we have in the United States; everybody eats corn whenever he eats meat. Corn will go up. It'll last for years in a bin. I'll take it and wait."

They showed me some of young Mr. Yegge's piles of corn—seventy thousand bushels of it. Sure; it was only a small-town operation.

But within three months $8,400 worth of corn in Mr. Yegge's piles had risen in value to $22,400 worth! It had gone up this day to thirty-two cents. But he wasn't selling at that price; maybe he might let some go when it reached fifty cents. He had made $14,000, if he wanted to cash in, by spending $8,400—a profit of 166 2/3 per cent and not a soul in town begrudged him a cent of it. Indeed, he was the town hero. And moreover, why should they begrudge him? Didn't almost every farmer in the countryside still have some corn of his own left? Corn which had gone down to twelve, to ten, to even eight cents a bushel and which now had likewise risen at least 166 2/3 per cent in value.

"I sold six loads of corn last winter for $6.50 apiece; I'm selling this load today for $16.00," a farmer at Calamus, Iowa, told me. "I'm waiting for fifty-cent corn, that'll be twenty-five dollars a load."

This spring the Iowa farmer was credited with having held on to at least half his corn. In many cases his creditors helped him to do so. Insurance companies, for instance, granted him time on mortgages, so that he wouldn't have to let his corn go at low prices; other farsighted creditors did the same when they could. Now it's certain that at least 200,000,000 bushels of Iowa corn, which were still in the hands of farmers of that state this spring, will bring at least the price which prevailed at the time of this writing—thirty-two cents a bushel. The chances are that by the time this article appears, if the well-tried and frequently proved old formula, "five-cent hogs call for fifty-cent corn," holds true, corn will be at least fifty cents a bushel.

Fifty-cent corn will pay a farmer a profit; that's what the experts call a "safe price" for corn, especially while hogs are around "five" or "five-fifty." And here we were, on this May day, with the piles of what had been twelve-cent corn all about us, watching it bring thirty-two cents (when the elevator man could persuade a farmer to sell it at all), and only eighteen cents away from a good profit-producing figure. It all happened within less than three months. Thousands and thousands of thousand-bushel piles of corn like Mr. Shields' have risen in price at this writing from $120 to $320. It was like turning back from utter bankruptcy, like suddenly being saved from homelessness, like being whirled away from the edge of a precipice. Why shouldn't the corn farmer whistle again?

I could point to anything on a farm, and it had gone up in value during the previous eight or ten weeks—everything, strangely enough, except chickens. The farmers' womenfolks raise the chickens; maybe, like the Chicago school-teachers, who didn't get their pay until they got mad and started to fight for it, the farmer's wife won't feel the boom until she has a chicken strike. Corn is our largest crop. Let's look at the rise in wheat. And by this I don't mean the wheat prices on the grain exchanges that you see in the newspapers; I mean the prices that the farmer puts into his pocketbook, all over the wheat area of our land. An instance: I saw a farmer bring a 100-bushel truckload of wheat into a mill at a certain Nebraska town. Miss Olant, in the mill office, made out his check. It was for sixty dollars. After he had gone I asked the young lady to go back over her recent records to see what farmers had been paid previously for wheat at this mill. Here's what we took right from the books:

Raising Wheat

Wheat, last October, was thirty-eight cents a bushel. For four months, through the long, hopeless farmer's winter, it hung around thirty-eight cents. At the end of March it was still thirty-eight cents. Then here's what happened:

April 1, it went to forty-five cents; May 6, to fifty-eight cents; May 19, sixty cents; May 22, sixty-two cents. I saw another farmer sell a load of wheat for $44.10; last December he would have received $21.70 for it. Everyone agrees that seventy-five-cent wheat will make the farmer well-to-do again.

It's true that many wheat farmers, unlike the corn farmers, had sold the larger share of their crop and that the elevator man was profiting by the increase in wheat, but nevertheless this fact remains:

The coming wheat crop, already being harvested in Texas, will be the shortest, for various reasons, in over

(Continued on page 38)

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Men—you are invited to try Pipe Smoking

Send for the Edgeworth Trial Smoking Outfit—New Pipe with Sample Packets of Edgeworth

GIVE PIPE SMOKING REAL TEST

Let Edgeworth Flavor Show You the Real Pleasure and Comfort That Can Come from Good Tobacco

Every day more men are taking up pipe smoking. Just look about you—note the increase in pipe smokers.

Men are discovering all over again that good tobacco expertly prepared for the pipe gives marvelous satisfaction.

In the bowl of a pipe there is room for tobacco to burn slowly and to give off its real fragrance and to show its quality.

Then there is something about pipe smoking that gives comfort and ease. You can relax when you smoke a pipe.

And—if you have a difficult problem to solve, your favorite pipe and tobacco will help you concentrate your thoughts.

If you are not a pipe smoker, let us send you our Edgeworth Trial Smoking Outfit. It consists of sample packets of "Edgeworth Ready Rubbed" and "Edgeworth Plug Slice" and a real old-fashioned Corn Cob pipe. With these you can give pipe smoking a fair trial. The corn cob pipe is not stylish or beautiful, but it is fresh, clean, wholesome. All the rich and delightful flavor of Edgeworth that men have praised for years will be yours in this modest pipe. Then—if you decide to become a pipe smoker you will soon buy a smart, good looking briar pipe.

We urge you to accept this offer because we want you to know "Edgeworth." It is made of finest burley leaf and is blended by men with long experience as tobacconists.

Send for the trial outfit. Try pipe smoking with Edgeworth. For convenience, use the coupon. Larus & Bro. Co., Tobacconists since 1877, Richmond, Va.

Interesting Letter From a Clever Wife

December 2, 1932
Box 597, Crystal Falls, Mich.

Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen: Just for a lark, I sent in your coupon for an Edgeworth tobacco sample and that man-sized corn cob pipe. The head of the house laughed, well just about roared, when I kind of timidly offered him the samples and pipe. He *so* condescendingly promised to try it. I watched on a sly and it was hard for him to keep the look of pleasure off his face because I think it was better than that terribly smelling strong tobacco he's been using.

"Well?" I asked.

"Hm-mm-m, not so bad," he answered.

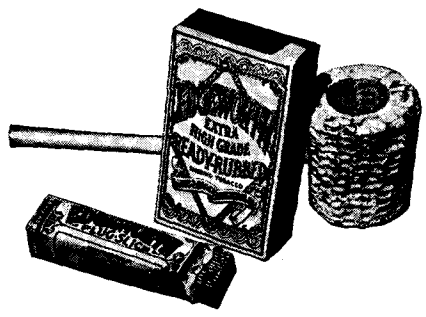
"Oh, yeah," I came back with the time-worn slang.

But—the other day, dusting and cleaning the smoking stand, I found a pound humidor of Edgeworth.

"Hm-mm-m, not so bad—eh?" I said to myself.

Thanks much for the sample. It brought "smoker's delight" to one man I know.

Sincerely,
MRS. DAVID LAINE



Send for this Edgeworth Trial Smoking Outfit

Sample packets of Edgeworth in two forms and an old fashioned Corn Cob pipe—clean, fresh, wholesome. With this pipe you can decide whether you want to adopt pipe smoking. If you do, you will buy a good looking briar pipe—and be happy.

Pipe, tobacco, tax, postage and packing cost us 26 cents. We ask you to send 10 cents as evidence of your sincerity. For convenience, use the coupon. Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.

"I'm proud to introduce Edgeworth to my friends"

Tune in on "The Corn Cob Pipe Club"

A Jolly Radio Program from Old Virginia

Learn How to Become a Member

Listen in on the crowd of happy Virginia country people having a big time at the old Cross Roads Hall. Singing, dancing, joking—a half hour of wholesome fun. Nothing else like it on the radio. Get acquainted with Pat Binford, Squire Hix, the Old Timers, and let Bob Beadles tell you how to become a radio member of the Club.

Every Wednesday night at 10 o'clock Eastern Daylight Saving Time—WEAF—Coast to Coast NBC network.

From Our Radio Mail Bag

Jefferson, New York
"The first letter I have ever written to a radio program goes to you, because I think the Corn Cob Pipe Club the cleverest thing on the air. I should know because I live in a small town where radio is my only dissipation."

Amsterdam, New York
"If any man who smokes a pipe wants a half hour of real enjoyment, he should fill his pipe with Edgeworth on Wednesday evening and listen to your program."

Muscatine, Iowa
"The originality of your programs makes them the best on the air. Keep up the good work and continue to dish up programs in good Southern style. We are strong believers in Edgeworth Tobacco and consider it the best on the market. We use it all the time in our family and have for many, many years."

Oakland, California
"I have listened to your weekly broadcast since the first one came through to the Coast. Everything on the program is fine and dandy. Enjoy your announcer's Southern drawl."

St. Catharines, Ontario, Canada
"I think the radio would be more popular if there were more programs like yours."

Pine Grove, California
"I am a prospector way up here in the Sierra Mountains and my only companion is a three-tube radio. On Wednesday nights I can hardly wait until seven P. M. comes. I tune in on KGO, Oakland, California, to enjoy your program."

Pleasanton, Kansas
"Boy, what a program! Best I ever heard. Would like to try your Edgeworth Tobacco."

Just say "Edgeworth" to Your Tobacco Man

—and tell him whether you want "Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed" or "Edgeworth Plug Slice."

There is the 15¢ pocket tin and other sizes up to full pounds. A variety of sizes are packed in vacuum tins. In these tobacco actually improves with age.

SIGN—CLIP—MAIL

LARUS & BRO. CO., 111 S. 22d St.
Richmond, Virginia.

Enclosed is 10 cents. Please send Corn Cob Pipe and Samples of Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco.

(Please PRINT name and address plainly.)

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

Put EDGEWORTH *in your pipe and smoke it*

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's Wiser to SIMONIZ Your Car!

Ten years of sparkling beauty because Simoniz protected its finish in all weather! At an age when most cars are long since "junked" this car's finish is still bright and good as new! Owned by Mr. David N. Denman, Atty., Latrobe, Pa.

Makes Cars Sparkle Like New! Quick! Easy! And SIMONIZED Cars STAY Beautiful!

• *Make your car look brand new in a jiffy with the wonderful Simoniz Kleener. It's far faster, safer, better! No hard rubbing. Restores all the original lustre in just a few easy strokes!*

• *Then apply Simoniz. It takes only a few moments—keeps the finish like new year after year—makes keeping your car clean an easy matter!*

Millions know there's nothing like Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener for making and keeping cars beautiful. And you'll be amazed at the difference they make in your car's appearance! Everyone will say your car looks exactly like new! And its sparkling beauty will *last*, rain or shine!

Simonizing is not an experiment. It's *proved* easier, safer, more economical. Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener make cars look new, protect the finish in all weather, make it last longer, keep the colors from fading.

After you Simoniz your car it's very easy to keep clean. You can wipe off anything with just a dry cloth—eliminate washing expense! So be easy on yourself! MOTORISTS WISE—SIMONIZ is the best advice. Follow it . . . it's the dependable, sure way to keep cars always beautiful . . . saves no end of time, effort, money!

• • •

It pays to insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener. They're different from anything else on the market. Never sold under any other names! Get them at your neighborhood hardware or accessory store.

ALWAYS SIMONIZ A NEW CAR

The Farmer is Whistling Again!

Continued from page 36

twenty years. This crop will bring prices to the farmer that will pay taxes, pay interest, help to redeem mortgaged lands and pay him a profit.

Oats! An incident in a Kansas elevator: A farmer had just delivered a load of seventy-nine bushels of oats. It was late in the day and the elevator man said:

"I wonder if you wouldn't be willing to come in tomorrow for your money."

"Ain't comin' in tomorrow," said the farmer.

"Haven't you got any more oats?" asked the buyer.

"Yes, I got more oats, but I ain't goin' to sell 'em just now. Roads kinda wet."

"That's all right," said the buyer. "I'll send a truck out for them."

"Don't bother about that," said the seller. "I guess I'll take my money now and run along." The elevator man counted out the sum of $15.90 in cash, which went into the farmer's pocketbook.

"Can't send out the truck, can I?" asked the buyer, as the farmer went out the door.

"No. Better wait till you hear from me." And he was gone.

The Doctor Goes Fishing

"Dog-gone," exclaimed the buyer, as he explained the situation to me, "that fellow knows I want oats. He's got a thousand or more bushels. None of 'em'll let go, unless they just have to have a little cash. I don't blame them, either. I own a farm myself, with my brothers."

"Have oats gone up much?" I asked the good Scotch buyer—his name is Angus E. MacLatchie.

"Up much!" he explained. "Let's see what he would have got for that load last winter." He went back in his books.

"Last January," he said finally, "when oats were at low, I'd have paid that man $6.52 for that load of oats. Today it was almost sixteen dollars."

Running around the farm, let's look at this milk can. Or, better, let's trail it to town and down to the Armour plant, by the railroad tracks. This can contains cream, for butter, not milk for city delivery. It holds forty pounds of cream; by a fair test that means 13.2 pounds of butter fat.

That bank holiday last March took a smash at butter-fat prices. The Armour man read off his sheets for me. Butter fat went down to ten cents a pound then; $1.32 for a whole can of cream. But it soon bounced back. Mr. Merchant, how would you like to see anything you have for sale jump in price as butter fat did? The raise, taken right from the plant records, went like this: April 1, fourteen cents a pound; April 8, fifteen cents; April 12, sixteen cents; April 17, seventeen cents; April 22, nineteen cents; April 27, twenty cents; May 15, twenty-one cents. That's an increase of over fifty per cent, within six weeks!

I talked to a doctor's wife in the Wisconsin dairy district. She's the business element in the good doctor's affairs and sends out the bills.

"Collections were pretty bad," she told me. "People got so little money for their cans of cream that you simply couldn't press them. But ever since butter fat has gone up they've been coming in with a little money, now and then, to make payments, without my sending out any bills." Indeed, things were looking so well for the doctor, after three hard years, that he had gone off on his first fishing trip in all that time.

The unhappy farmers are those who couldn't last out until the big turn in prices came.

"Those are the Bryant sisters," said the man who was driving me through one farming district. It was just at sunset. Two tall, lanky women, with handkerchiefs tied around their heads, were standing at the entrance of a farm lane as our car passed by. They carried milk pails.

"They've been over to that farm to milk a couple of cows to get milk for themselves, I suppose."

"What about them?" I asked.

"Well, sir, those two spinsters had the finest 240-acre farm you ever saw left to 'em, without a cent of mortgage on it.

"All the craziness of that Florida land boom moved up this way and hit us just the same as if we'd gone down to Florida to meet it. Why, the bankers and the real estate men down this way had us farmers mighty near crazy. They'd run around begging us to borrow money, and we did, like darn' fools. Well, the Bryant sisters were no worse than the rest of us. They borrowed money on their big farm so's they could buy a second farm with it. And they got closed out; sold out. They live in a little shack now, on another fellow's place, but they haven't even a cow, let alone a car or a horse. Folks let 'em have milk or eggs or maybe a chicken or two, and somehow they make out. But they'll never get another farm and they'll never have more than some kind of a rented home all the rest of their poor lives." I saw the two sad, lank figures walk out along the highway where they had formerly sped in a good motor-car.

"Were their creditors extra hard on them?" I asked.

"That's the worst part of all this farm trouble," he said. "If you happened to owe your money to some note-shaving skinflint, you were sold out. If you owed it to a bank, and the bank wasn't in much trouble, you weren't pressed too much. If it was in trouble, you were ruined. If you owed it to a big insurance company, that didn't want to go into farming itself, you were in luck. Those two women hit a skinflint who wanted their farm and didn't care how he got it. That was the kind of fellow that the farmers held their sheriff-sale fights against.

"It didn't depend so much on how much money you owed, but on whom you owed your money to. There isn't much justice in that, but that's the way it happened to go."

No More Insomnia

But that's in the past. The government has provided for rearrangements of mortgages, for extensions of time and for a reduction of at least one per cent in interest. The mortgage pressure has been taken off. If the farmer borrows from government sources, which at this writing it is being arranged he may readily do, he may stretch out his mortgage to as long as thirty-four and one-half years and thus spread his debt so that it will visit upon even the second generation. The farmer who wasn't completely ruined has been saved. His worries are becoming only ordinary ones. He's sleeping again o' nights, and at this writing he's whistling cheerfully as the yellow, golden harvest of 1933 comes into view.

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Pinch Hitter

Continued from page 11

have been; to journey afar, and, with the mighty, perform mighty deeds. Then the glow died, and another look came in . . . realization . . . and he was once more Ed Murray, merely listening.

Steve Braden, talking, chanced to catch the glow in Ed Murray's eyes; caught it, and caught the dying of that glow. From then on he watched that listening figure. And when midnight came and Red and Al and Ed departed for their rooms, Steve Braden stood for a moment in the doorway after they had gone, reflectively running a hand over his chin.

THE season sped. The team slowly got on its feet, too late to mean anything for this year, but getting ready for the next. And Ed Murray—Pinch Hitter Ed Murray—continued to hammer all offerings.

He hammered them. And the face of Steve Braden, watching him, took on a new look as the days went by. A look that was the reflex of an idea; a fantastic idea that had come creeping into his mind, to be thrust out, to come creeping in again. An idea that couldn't have been more fantastic—and yet one that kept coming back.

Steve Braden watched Ed hammer them; thrust the fantastic idea out; found it back again; and daily studied the newspapers. . . . The newspapers that told of the progress of The Old Man's team, up there in the big league, coming down the home stretch neck and neck with their chief opponent, pitching for whom was their nemesis, Jeff Gilray. Two more series to be played between them; one in a couple of weeks, the other the last week of the season. Jeff Gilray would work in four games. If he won three of them, then goodby to pennant chances for The Old Man!

Steve Braden, wrapped in thought, felt the fantastic idea draw closer, take on real form.

His minor-league team came home. It made its opening stand against The Kid.

The Kid, in the pitcher's box . . . The Kid, so much like Jeff Gilray. . . . Steve Braden, eyes narrowed to slits, leaned halfway out of the dugout, microscopically taking him in. They didn't have a chance against him that day. He had a five-run lead on them in the ninth; the sending in of a pinch hitter would be only a gesture. And yet Steve Braden sent Ed Murray in.

Sent him in casually.

"Well, let's bust one, Ed," he said. And found himself sitting with hands clenched.

Ed Murray busted one.

Steve Braden exhaled a long, slow sigh.

In the last game of that series The Kid went into the box again. In the seventh inning, with two men on base, Steve Braden once more turned to Ed Murray.

"Well, let's bust one, Ed," he casually said.

Ed Murray busted one over the fence.

An hour later, swiftly writing, Steve Braden had put his fantastic idea on paper; had sent an air-mail letter to The Old Man, two thousand miles away.

Two days of waiting, and there came a telegraphic answer:

"Thanks for your letter. Cannot see your idea."

Steve nodded. Of course The Old Man was right! He'd been crazy. He got up; started to walk. Stopped. Crazy . . . but, at the same time . . . if he only could tell it to The Old Man; make him see it the way he himself saw it. Or put it on paper in a way that . . . But he couldn't.

And the next day the news told how Jeff Gilray had shut out The Old Man's team. How he came back, four days later, to lick them again; to give his team a one-game lead over The Old Man's; a one-game lead and the season with only two weeks to go.

THE reading Steve Braden flung the evening paper across the room; walked back and forth; sat down and wrote The Old Man: "Listen. You've still got one more chance against Gilray and his crowd—the last series of the season. Now . . ."

He poured out his heart.

He got a fine, long letter in answer from The Old Man. An answer that could have been boiled down to one word: "No."

"Well," slowly commented Steve Braden to himself, "that's that."

But it wasn't that. With less than a week to go before The Old Man was to meet Jeff Gilray's crowd in the final series of the season—the decisive series—news dispatches brought word of one

(Continued on page 40)

"It's a crowbar—just in case I want to open a window!" *Zere*

Copywriters sat up nights to think of clever shaving cream ideas

Then we threw them all away. Decided just to tell 5 simple facts—then rest our case by asking you to accept 10 days' supply to try.

Look at the shaving cream ads. Note all the tricks for getting men to read. What's the use? If men aren't interested in shaving why stop them?

But we believe men are vitally concerned about their shaving cream. Therefore instead of doing stunts to gain attention we simply say, "Try first—buy later if you like it." There are 5 simple but revolutionary reasons why Palmolive is the outstanding favorite among men.

1. *Multiplies itself 250 times in lather.* Hence goes farther. One 35c tube gives over 150 shaves.
2. *Acts in 1 minute.* Each whisker is oil-coated. Palmolive emulsifies, removes oil instantly. Then within 60 seconds each hair absorbs 15% of water. Wiry hairs turn soft like wax.
3. *Lasts 10 minutes on the face*—lather does not dry out—no re-lathering—no sore, irritated faces.
4. *Lather is stiff.* Strong bubbles hold hairs erect for clean, close cutting.
5. *Acts like lotion.* Olive and palm oil content soothes the skin—gives a lotion-like effect.

Will you accept a 10-day tube?

Those are the facts that win 86 men out of every 100 who accept this offer. Write your name and address in the coupon. A week from now you'll thank us if you do. Please mail today.

TRY 10 SHAVES

Send Coupon

Insert your name and address and mail with 4c in stamps to cover postage only to Palmolive, Dept. 215, P. O. Box 81, Hudson Terminal Station, New York City. (Residents of Canada, address: Dept. 215, 64 Natalie Street, Toronto).

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(Please print your name and address)

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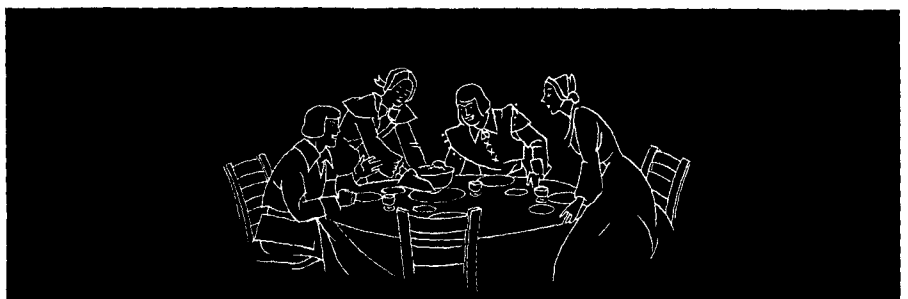


A Fine New England Custom Gains Swift Popularity

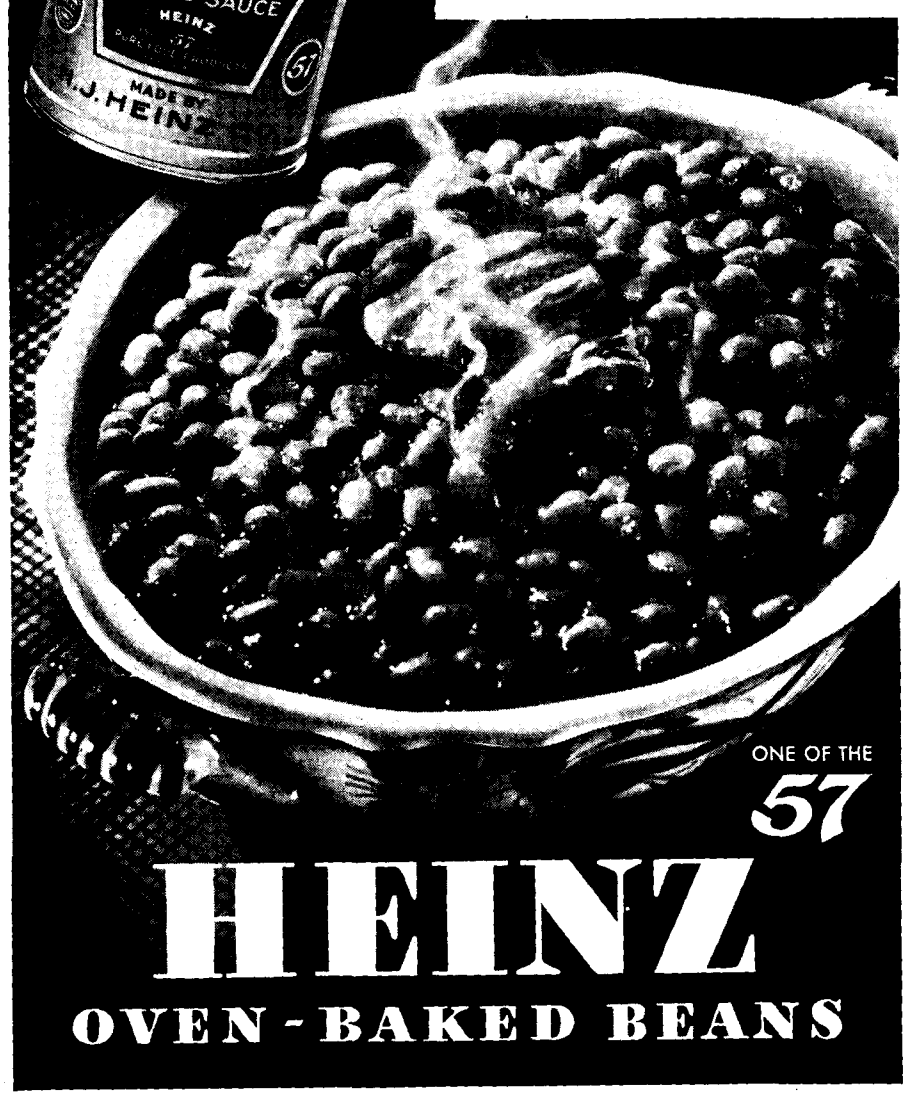
MODERN America is adopting a quaint New England custom. In thousands of homes, far from the influence of Boston tradition, Saturday night is observed as baked-bean night—a simple formality that reflects the romance of Colonial times.

You'll quickly find the reason for the new-day popularity of this delightful old custom. Saturday nights become memorable nights when plump, golden-brown, oven-baked beans are served in true old-fashioned style.

Heinz Oven-Baked Beans make the Saturday night bean dinner a genuine convenience for the modern housewife. They are ready to heat and serve—bursting with munchy goodness—as mealy and tasty as any beans that ever came out of an old-time earthen pot.

Heinz makes these beans in four styles. Two with tomato sauce—with pork and without; Boston style—with pork and a plain sweet sauce; and Heinz Red Kidney Beans in a savory, clear sauce. A delicious variety for every week in the month. Write for illustrated free booklet, "Thrifty New Tips On A Grand Old Favorite."

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
PITTSBURGH, U.S.A. TORONTO, CAN. LONDON, ENG.



Heinz Tomato Ketchup · Heinz Cooked Spaghetti · Heinz Homemade Style Soups · Heinz Pure Vinegars

(Continued from page 39)

of The Old Man's utility players breaking an ankle as he slid into a bag.

Steve Braden, holding the paper, stopped breathing. One less active player on The Old Man's club. The Old Man would be allowed to get someone to bring the club up again to its player limit.

Steve Braden went back to breathing, swiftly.

"No!" he cried explosively. "I've written enough. I've been turned down for the last time."

And yet, five minutes later, he was reaching for his pen. Was throwing words upon paper; throwing them in such a manner that they became living, vocal things. That they must have been was evidenced in the telegram that he received in reply: a telegram from The Old Man that read:

"I'll take a chance. Send him along."

The telegram was received by Steve just at the end of a game. He gave a single swift glance at Ed Murray. Ed, slowly chewing his tobacco, was in the act of picking up his glove, starting for the clubhouse. Steve cut across the field ahead of him, reached his office, sent word that he wanted to see . . . Ed Murray.

There came the sound of spiked shoes slowly advancing toward the door. The door opened, and Ed Murray entered the office. Ed Murray, twenty years with the same minor-league club. Almost twenty years . . . and a look of concern was on the tanned, plain face as Ed Murray came up to the desk. Something . . . something must have happened.

"You . . . you wanted to see me?" said Ed Murray, and his whole life was in his eyes.

"Yeah," said Steve. "Sit down." He leaned forward, and he smiled. "How'd you . . . how'd you like to go up to the big leagues?"

It was fortunate that there was a chair handy. Ed Murray . . . sat down.

ED MURRAY, on a bench in a dugout, listened to the roar of the banked thousands in the stands. Elbows on knees, eyes looking straight ahead across the playing field, he slowly, rhythmically, chewed his tobacco; and slowly, from time to time, he ran a hand up and down the lettered front of his baseball uniform. Of his big-league uniform.

Ed Murray, big-leaguer.

Steve Braden had gone down to the station with him when he boarded the train that was to take him to The Old Man. Steve, gripping his hand, looking him through and through—through and through with those blue eyes of his!—and saying:

"Go get 'em, fella! Remember, ninety per cent of it is what Jess Burkett used to say. It's the old confidence!" And then Steve had grinned, and had pronounced it as Jess himself used to pronounce it—Jess Burkett, champion batsman of his time—"It's the old confeedience. Just the old confeedience!" Then he gripped Ed's hand again and was gone.

All the way on the long trip Ed Murray tried to keep it; tried to keep the old confidence—the old confeedience!—even as he was trying to keep it now. And at no time did he succeed.

He had a hollow feeling in the pit of his stomach. He sat on the same bench with the great of baseball; he had only to turn his head to either side, and there they were, in the flesh. He sat wearing the same uniform they wore; a uniform with a name across its front that was equalled by few in the annals of the game. He sat with them; of them.

And yet, not of them. They had proved their worth. And he? If he went into the game and failed . . . Better to have dreamed all his life of being a big leaguer, and not to have been, than to have come up to the big leagues at the end of twenty years of minor ball, and proved that he should never have come.

It was true, for one moment at the beginning of the game, that a thrill had gone through him as the opposing pitcher took the mound. Gilray—Jeff Gilray—and as he made a preliminary pitch, it was as though The Kid was there!

Ed Murray's pulse was hammering.

THE game began, and as the innings sped—tense, drama-packed innings, the tension mounting as the teams fought deadlocked, inning after inning—the obviousness that he had been crazy grew and grew. Jeff Gilray held The Old Man's team for all these innings in the hollow of his hand. That they had managed to keep Jeff Gilray's team in check was quite beside the point.

Gilray had walked one batter; had allowed two singles, widely separated. That was the sum total of their efforts against him. And only by the most desperate play had they been able to hold the enemy bats in check—one-hand, leaping, stabbing catches in the outfield; impossible double plays; a strike-out now and then; but it was like men racing here and there to hold back rising waters in a threatened dam. Sooner or later . . . destruction!

At an inning's end, their pitcher—The Old Man's ace—would come off the mound with the cords standing out on his neck, with the sweat streaming down his face. The others, wordless, grim-mouthed, would settle themselves on the bench.

Seventh inning . . . eighth inning . . . ninth inning. In the ninth the enemy filled the bases with one out. A high foul . . . and the catcher took it up against the stands. He struck, rolled—and the runner on third streaked for home. The catcher, half-prone, threw. The pitcher, covering the plate, got his man only by inches.

Almost that run!

Tenth inning. Eleventh. And in the last of the eleventh . . .

In the last of the eleventh, with The Old Man's team at bat, with two out, The Old Man's fastest runner beat out an infield hit. He fairly flew in his last few strides.

Roar on roar. Roar . . . dying down. Silence—strained silence. A call for time. A halt in the game.

And then The Old Man, lean, almost clerical, was tapping Ed Murray on the shoulder, was saying:

"All right, Ed. Go bust one."

As simple as that.

As simple as that—and Ed Murray's knees buckled as he tried to get up off the bench. He tried to find his voice, and couldn't. There was a roaring in his ears, a mist before his eyes.

THEN he was up, somehow, out of the dugout; was groping for his bat.

And then a voice was sounding from the dugout . . . The Old Man's:

"Just a minute, Ed! I've got a telegram for you." And The Old Man was beside him, handing him a telegram.

Ed Murray stared at it dully. Telegram. Telegram . . . of all times now. He ripped it open. He read:

"Hello, Ed. This is Steve. I'll let you in on something: Gilray's curve is just like The Kid's. The old confeedience! Tell yourself you're back in the home park facing The Kid—wait for the curve—and bust it. We'll be listening at the radio."

As though he stood on a mountain peak filling his lungs, filling his whole being, with revivifying air, Ed Murray sucked in breath—and a roaring

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was no longer in his ears, a mist no longer before his eyes. Steve! Steve had seen it too. . . . Gilray . . . and The Kid!

The old confeedience!

Ed Murray—Pinch Hitter Ed Murray—gave a short, joyous laugh. He grabbed up his bat and strode toward the plate.

"THEY'VE called time," announced the radio. "Probably going to put in a pinch hitter. . . . Yes, there he comes out of the dugout now. We'll get his name for you in just a minute. . . . The Old Man has followed him from the dugout; he's stopped him; he's handing him something . . . looks like a telegram . . . probably from a well-wisher. Boy, oh, boy, I don't mind telling you that he'll need it from the way Gilray's pitching today!

". . . Now we've got the name. Murray . . . M-u-r-r-a-y . . . Murray, batting for Sanderson. I haven't any Murray here on my list . . . Oh, yes, there he is, down at the bottom. Never heard of him."

The voice of the announcer, in an aside: "Joe, find out who this Murray is . . .

"He's coming up to the plate. A powerful-looking fellow, but he's no spring chicken. He's . . ." (Another aside: "Huh? Yes. Give it to me.") . . . "He's Ed Murray, from a minor league, bought just the other day by The Old Man, to take the place of Archie Powers, who fractured his ankle. I'd give you more dope but he's at the plate now; Pitcher Jeff Gilray is looking him over and . . . No; the catcher's called time and has gone out to Gilray; the shortstop's come in; they're having a conference. Seeing what to feed Mr. Murray, whom The Old Man must think so much of . . . Now they're back in their positions.

"Here's the pitch! . . . Whooie! Tried to dust him off; to see if he could stand up there and take it. Well, I'm here to say that the old boy can. . . . Here's the next pitch. A fast one, over the inside corner; and when I say fast I mean fast. Boy, I'll bet Mr. Minor-league Murray didn't even *think* he saw it. One and one. . . Here's the next. Ball two. Just missed the corner. Well, I'll say this much, you can't fool the old boy. . . . Here's the next! Wow! That even made me blink up here. Murray didn't even try to get his bat off his shoulder. . . . If you can't see 'em, you can't. . . . Two and two and . . . Now Murray's in a hole; he'll have to swing at anything that looks halfway good. If Gilray lets go with that curve of his . . . He's watching that runner on first; he's holding him to the bag. . . . Now here's the pitch. It'll be his curve and . . .

"Ooh! It's a hit! It's a hit! The old boy's hit it! Down the right-field line. Fair ball! It's going to the stands. . . . The runner's rounding second; he's going for third. . . . Murray's rounding first. . . . The runner's rounding third. The fielder's got it. Here comes the throw. . . . The runner has slid under the catcher. He's safe. The run scores!

"Murray's double scores the runner. Murray's hit wins the game!"

ON a summer evening, in a hotel lobby of a city in a minor-league circuit, Steve Braden, team manager, strolled over to a chair where Team Coach Ed Murray—an Ed Murray a little heavier, a little grayer—was settling down to read an evening paper. The manager and coach of a champion minor-league team.

"Hey," said Steve Braden, eyes alight as he clapped Ed Murray on the shoulder, "put away that paper! I just ran across Larry here in town, who used to be with New York—you'll remember him—and old Truck, who was with Chicago, and as soon as I can find Red and Al we're going up to my room and have a talkfest." Here a smile illumined Steve Braden's face. "And I thought that you might like to—"

The speed with which Team Coach Ed Murray laid aside his paper proved the correctness of Steve Braden's surmise.

In Steve Braden's room they talked; journeyed back into a romantic land. Back, and the names of the great in baseball ceased being names; emerged from the shadows of the past to people the room with their presence; to live, youthful and mighty, with these, their familiars . . . their equals.

There fell a pause, and then one of the group cleared his throat. Ed Murray . . . one-time Big-leaguer Ed. His eyes were glowing. He glanced at Steve Braden. And then:

"Say, that reminds me. One afternoon, the first year that I was playing for The Old Man . . ."

Ed Murray . . . telling of the big leagues.

"All right! Go ahead an' take just one squirt an' stop pesterin' us!" *Frank Owen*

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Cotton Need Pickin'

Continued from page 21

"You tawkin' like a cotton picker," Giles stated with enthusiasm, "and I ain't de man to tell a good worker how to work."

Hot Shot turned out to be a fine cotton picker. Before noon it was apparent that he was a "natchal fo'-hund'ed-pound-man," and before mid-afternoon some of the bolder pickers began offering bets that Hot Shot could pick more than Joe Boody himself.

HOT SHOT took no part in the talk-talk. He stuck to his two rows and snatched cotton with both hands. Only once during the day did anybody hear anything from him. It was late in the afternoon when everybody was tired, and singing to drive the cramps out of their backs. Hot Shot stood up, looked over the field and sang in a rich bass voice:

"Ask dat bossman to please gimme a job,
Bossman say, 'What in de world kin you do?'
Say, 'I kin set yo' trunnions, I kin line yo' jacks,
I kin pick-and-shovel, too, Lawd, Lawd,
I kin pick-and-shovel, too.'"

"Sing like a man, don't he?" Giles whispered to the Widow Duck, who was weighing in at the wagon.

"He do, now," admitted the widow. She studied a minute and added, "but dat ain't no Texas song, I bet. I 'members a big bad nigger f'm up in Arkansas comed down hyar a long time ago singin' dat chune. Some er de words went like dis:

"Oh, Cap'm, Cap'm, don't you see dat snow?
Oh, don't you feel dat wind and rain?
B'lieve to my soul I'm 'bout ha'f daid—
Say, 'Grab yo' ball and chain, Lawd, Lawd,'
Say, 'Grab yo' ball and chain.'"

Giles laughed. "I swear, Mis' Duck!" he exclaimed, "you gone to singin' reels!"

"Aw, go on, Giles," laughed the Widow Duck. "Dat po' chile out yonder been on de chain gang, and you know hit good as me."

"I figgered he been somewhar," Giles admitted, "but I don't keer whar he been, long as he homps his back like he been."

Just at that moment Brother drove up from the gin. The lines were tangled under the wagon tongue and one of the mules had pulled her hames out of the groove in her collar. But Brother was not concerned. He was singing in a care-free voice:

"Well, I rambled all night
And de night before;
Ain't goin' to bed tonight,
I'm gonter ramble some more."

"Nigger!" Giles roared, "you fix dem hames! And dem lines!"

Brother came out of his reverie with a start. "Ya-ah, Mist' Giles," he said. "Dey jest got on-fixed right back yonder, and I didn't want to lose no time, so I—"

"Dry up yo' lyin'," Giles commanded. "Efn de Bossman see you handlin' dem mules like dat, he'd take his six-gun and shoot seven holes in you."

Brother climbed out of the wagon and began adjusting the harness.

"But," Giles went on threateningly, "de Bossman ain't never gonter see you. 'Cause de Bossman don't never go to no nigger funerals."

Brother hurriedly completed the adjustments, and wandered casually, but none the less purposefully, well out of reach of the foreman.

Giles turned in desperation to the Widow Duck.

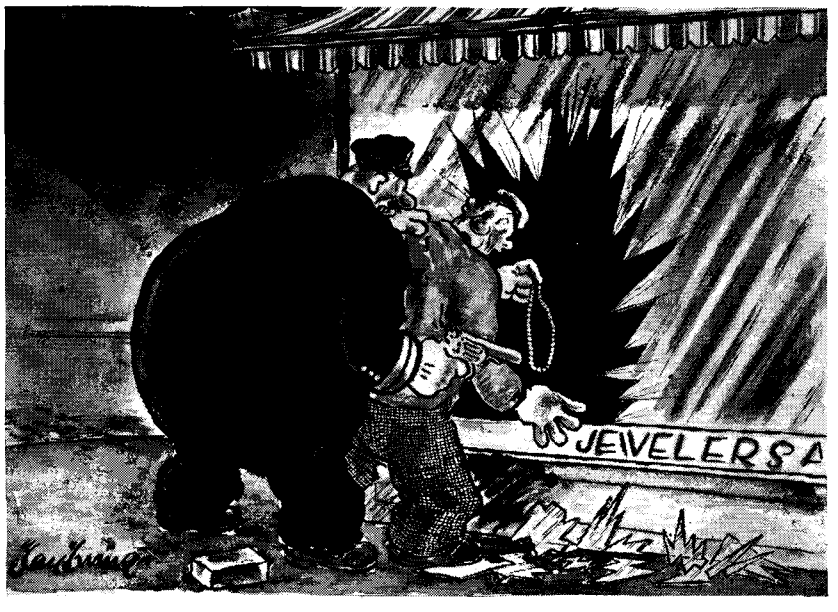
"You see," he said, "I c'd take a single-tree offn de wagon and beat more work in dat nigger's haid wid jest fo' good licks den I c'd argy into him de rest er my natchal."

THE Widow Duck realized the seriousness of the situation. "Beatin' is too good for dat boy," she declared warmly. "Hit'd serve him fair efn you runned him off and let him starve, 'cause de good Lawd know won't nobody else feed him."

"Nawp," Giles objected. "I got a feelin' dat I ain't never gonter let dat boy starve like dat."

The Widow Duck narrowed her eyes and studied Giles for a long time. "Giles," she finally said, "hit ain't for me to meddle, 'cause de Book say, 'Blessed is him which minds his own.' But I got somethin' in my mind about dat boy. Baythey was a widow woman a long time 'fore Brother got hyar. And, Giles, you was a young buck, sweet-talkin' about amongst de ladies—"

Giles looked the Widow Duck squarely in the eye. "I kind er got dat same



"It fell out! I wuz just puttin' it back!" *Jay Irving*

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dee in my mind, Mis' Duck," he said, slowly. "Sometime I thinks one way and sometime I thinks de yuther. Bay-they was mighty shut-mouf about her business."

"Efn he yo'n," the Widow Duck concluded, "you got de rights to whup him to he ack like a man. And efn he ain't yo'n, you ought to turn him out amongst de goats."

"But s'posin' he ain't mine, and I whups him?" argued Giles. "And s'posin' he's mine, and I turns him out to starve to death?"

"Ah, Lawd," said the Widow Duck. "De Book say—"

GILES walked away from what he knew was about to be an exhortation. He was in no mood for one.

That night he had a long, confidential talk with Hot Shot. At first, Hot Shot was evasive, though the foreman soon made him feel the confidence of a friend. He admitted being from an Arkansas prison camp.

"I was a smart nigger," Hot Shot explained. "I wouldn't work stiddy and I gambled and layed around. So de Law gimme eleven months and twenty-nine days, jest for nothin'. I layed out in jail, and I got bad. So when I got out, I tuck a knife and cut a nigger mighty nigh in two. So den de Law chain-ganged me for two solid years. I broke away after jest one year."

"Dey made you work, hunh?" Giles asked.

"Mankind!" exclaimed Hot Shot. "Dey made you work tight. Pickin' cotton ain't nothin' but jest lazin' about, de way dey works you on de gang."

"Did dey feed you plenty?"

"Sho," said Hot Shot. "Plenty. And den dey worked hit outn you de next day."

"And you got one more year to work efn dey gits you?"

"Yeah. But I hopes dey don't git me. Dey got so many niggers on de gang, to one man, dar or gone, don't weary 'em. So when a man break away, dey don't bother him onless he git in devilment again."

"You mean," Giles insisted, "dey don't want you no more onless you gits in devilment?"

"Well," speculated Hot Shot, "I reckon efn somebody turned me up to de sheriff down hyar, he might take me back."

"De sheriff down hyar know you?"

Hot Shot grinned. "Nawsuh," he said, "and dat ain't all. He ain't gonter find me out efn I kin he'p hit."

"But efn somebody like me, say," Giles suggested, "was to go and tell de sheriff you's hidin' out—?"

Hot Shot tightened his mouth. "You ain't fixin' to do dat?" he demanded.

Giles laughed. "Not long as you kin pick cotton like you been pickin'."

Hot Shot felt easier. "In dat case, I reckon, de sheriff'd lock me up and take me back."

Giles was interested in the possibilities. "S'posin'," he went on, "you up and deny yo' name to de sheriff?"

Hot Shot was amused at the idea. "De sheriff," he explained, "wouldn't take de time to cuss me out for lyin'. He'd jest slip de cuffs on and say, 'Come on, nigger,' and de next thing I knowed I'd be right back in de gang."

"But efn hit turned out dat you was de wrong nigger when you got to de gang?" Giles wanted to know.

"Hit wouldn't make 'em no diff'unce," Hot Shot told him. "Hit's so many niggers comin' and goin' all de time, dey jest slap a number on yo' back and a ball and chain on yo' laig and put you back to work."

As soon as Giles got all the information he could from Hot Shot, he went to see the Widow Duck. She was sitting alone on her porch, and they exchanged greetings as though they had not seen each other for a week.

"You got somethin' on yo' mind?" she invited.

"Not too much," Giles replied. "I been tawkin' wid dat Hot Shot boy."

"Yeah? What did he allow?"

"He f'm Texas, all right," Giles lied. "He was in de public works over by Fo't Worth."

"I figgered he was," said the Widow Duck.

They sat in silence for some time. "Mis' Duck," Giles asked suddenly, "you knowed my people all yo' life—was any of 'em lazy, like dis Brother nigger?"

The widow shook her head. "Not a lazy bone in they heart and soul," she said stoutly. "And neither in po' Bay-they's family, too."

Giles studied for a long time. "Maybe," he speculated, "Brother is a woods colt. 'Cause efn he ain't, whar'd he git his lazy ways f'm?"

"I thought about dat, too," the Widow Duck answered. "And den again, I thought about de way yo' daddy used to be. He wa'n't lazy, onderstand. But many's de time he'd sleep endurin' de day when he ought to be workin', jest so's he'd c'd sweet-talk de ladies endurin' de night. And," she added flippantly, "I 'members seein' you git a whuppin' for doin' de same."

"Brother ain't sleepy," Giles said. "He jest lazy."

"Yeah, don't you wish you b'lieved jest dat about him?" chided the widow. "You's a good man, 'cause yo' daddy raised you up wid a stiddy hand and a heavy swish-elm club. But ain't nobody raised Brother up wid nothin'. He was too wild and quarrelsome for anybody to handle 'em, so he jest growed up by hisse'f. Yo' daddy was wild and quarrelsome and you was de same. And ev'lastin' one of y'all kept de bayou path hot a-courtin' wid de gals, jest like Brother."

Giles thought it over. He was not convinced. "Maybe," he mumbled, "and maybe not."

THEY talked of other things for a while and then Giles turned the conversation to what was uppermost in his mind.

"You 'members dat big, bad nigger f'm de chain gang you was tellin' me about?" he asked. "What did he done?"

"Kept his mouf shet, mostly," she replied.

"Did de Law ever come and git him?"

"Naw. A nigger named Bulger over in Shrevepo't got him. He was a bad'n, and Bulger cut him down wid a knife. But de Law got Bulger."

"Did, hunh?"

"Sho. De Law put Bulger square over to Angola for fawty long years. Dat nigger been draggin' de old ball and chain up and down de state farm ever since."

Giles thought it over carefully. "I b'lieve," he concluded, "I'll drap over to Benton tomorrow and tawk to de sheriff about all er dat. Hit might be I c'd tawk de sheriff into b'lievin' Brother was dat bad nigger f'm Arkansas—"

"Hit'd do him good," agreed the widow placidly. "A little bit er steady chain gang'd pyore do Brother good. Hit'd git him in bed at night and git his muscles harded up."

"Yep," Giles declared, "I b'lieve I'm gonter do hit. What was dat big, bad Arkansas nigger's name, now?"

The Widow Duck laughed. "I disremembers," she said, "but ev'ybody been callin' him Hot Shot, today. Giles, I kin tell when you lyin' at me. Now go tell Sheriff Archie dat Hot Shot is hidin' out, and den p'int out Brother."

Giles chuckled. "I'm gonter do jest

(Continued on page 44)

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1 SOAK FOOT ten minutes in hot water, wipe dry.

2 APPLY BLUE-JAY, centering the pad directly over the corn.

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A is the mild medication that gently undermines the corn.

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BAUER & BLACK'S SCIENTIFIC
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(Continued from page 43)

dat, tomorrow, quick as I gits de work goin'."

While they were talking, there was a quiet rustle in the willows near the house, and Brother slipped out of the bushes and ran to the porch. "Hide me, Mis' Duck," he begged. "Hide me good, 'cause Co-reen is huntin' me wid a pistol!"

The noise of snapping willow branches came to the porch once more. This time it sounded as though a cow were running through the thick brake. "Hit's her," Brother whispered. "Please, Mis' Duck, hide me."

THE Widow Duck guided Brother hurriedly into the darkness of her cabin, pushed him under her bed and resumed her chair on the porch just as Co-reen came into the clearing.

"Whar he at?" Co-reen demanded. "Whar he went at?" She stood in the moonlight, waving a small pistol menacingly.

"Whar who at?" countered the Widow Duck. "Dat's Rucker's Co-reen, ain't hit? Come in and rest yo' weary."

"Dat no-count Brother," Co-reen sputtered. "I'm huntin' him wid dis gun, and I'm gonter blow him full er holes—"

"Ca'm yo'se'f, daughter," counseled the widow. "Set and tell ole Mis' Duck—"

"I ain't settin' and I ain't tellin'," raged Co-reen. "Dat nigger cut up my husband wid a butcher knife, and I aims to do him up wid dis—"

"Did, hunh?" asked Giles. "What did he done like dat for?"

"Rucker comed home whilst Brother was passin' de evenin' at my house, braggin' and goin' on, and him and Rucker got to quarrelin', and Brother hit Rucker wid de butcher knife. And hit ain't no Bee Bend nigger kin come in my own house and cut up my own man."

"Cut him bad, sister?" queried the Widow Duck.

"He in de hospital in Bossier gittin' sewed up like a cotton sack."

"Gonter die?" asked Giles.

"I don't know," answered Co-reen. "But Brother sho gonter, soon as I kin see him."

"Brother," the Widow Duck stated, "was hyar a while ago. He might gone over on Duke's Bend."

"Who he go to visit on Duke's?" C reen inquired.

"I don't know," said the Widow Duc evasively, "but he was keepin' compar wid one er Docas' gals last summer—

The furious Co-reen turned and di appeared into the willow brake towar Duke's Bend.

As soon as Co-reen left, the Wido Duck smiled triumphantly at Gile "De Lawd," she said gleefully, "da changes de conditions when dey gits tc tight. Hyar you wearyin' on accour er Brother, and den you wearyin' o account er callin' Hot Shot's name to d sheriff and maybe stirrin' up troubl for a good cotton picker. And den d sweet Lawd put a butcher knife i Brother's hand so's he kin git chair ganged in his own right. All you gc to do is take him to de sheriff and gi him locked up."

But Giles was not pleased. "I ain' never axed de Law to lock nobody up, he said, "and I hates to start now Efn de Law come and git 'im, dat's al O. K. But I ain't never went out an axed de Law."

"Hit ain't for you to deny de Lawd," argued the widow. "De Book say 'Bring yo' chilluns into my house fo safe keepin'.' Dat's pyore what d Book say. Dat gal was mad to de bon and she sho gonter kill Brother do she find him."

GILES shook his head. "I reckon dat's *right," he said. Then, raising his* voice, he called: "Come out, Brother."

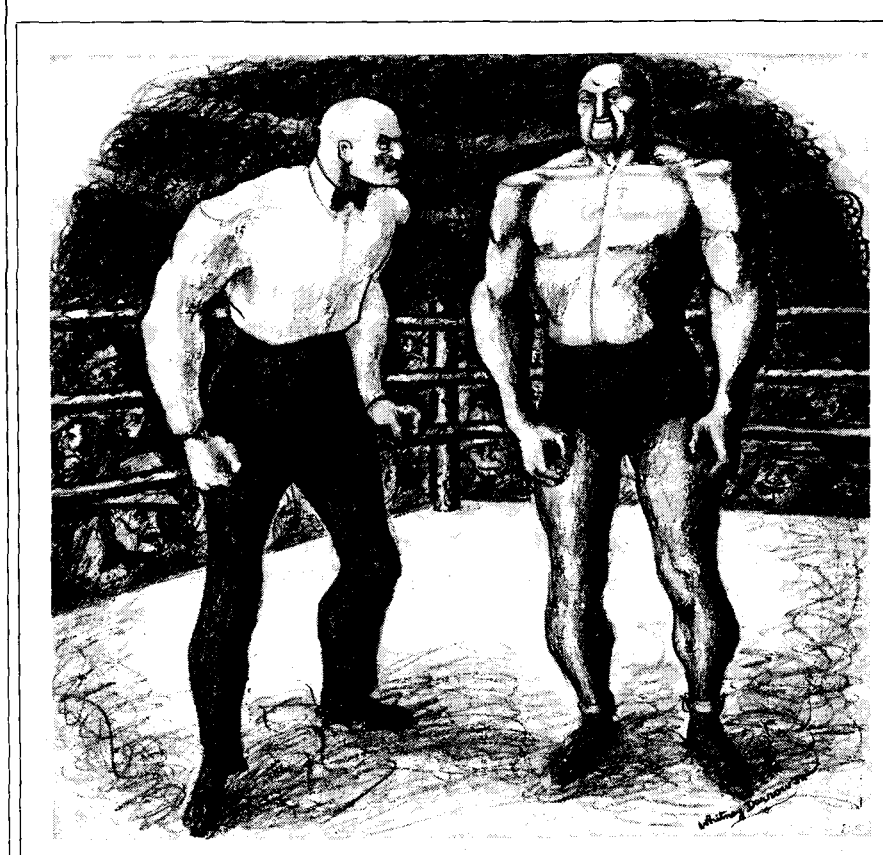
Brother did not appear. Giles called louder but no response. He went inside and lit a lamp. The back door of the cabin was open. Brother was gone.

The Widow Duck came in and verified Giles' report. "Whar you reckon he gone at?" she asked.

"Dat," said Giles, "is his business and none er mine. But I bet he's long gone, 'cause he hyared dat gal tawkin' gun-talk."

"De Lawd," mused the Widow Duck, "sho do move in a mighty mystery."

"Yep," Giles agreed cheerfully, "and I got to be movin', too. I got to git by Johnnie T's house and tell him to harness up Maude and Sadie tomorrow. 'Cause Brother done quit us."



"Come on, now! Where did you throw him?"

Whitney Darrow, Jr.

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Customs of the Country

Continued from page 17

life, means relatively little to the government in revenue, although much in labor. It's more protective than productive.

The great revenue derived from the tariff is in its application to large-scale imports, where it can be just as annoying to a corporation doing legitimate business as it can to an individual attempting a bit of illegitimate importing. That is why the tariff creates and, year by year, increases a special profession of those learned in the customs law. The writer happens to have belonged for many years to one of the oldest of the 250 firms practicing customs brokerage in our greatest port of entry, New York. I have seen the customs law in its ideal application as a beneficent barrier against the invasion of American industry, and also in its idiosyncrasies as an occasional system of contradictions that doesn't save an hour of work for American labor or a dollar of expense for American capital, while it inflicts harsh penalties on law-abiding importers and hurts both our popularity and our prestige abroad.

How the Customs Machine Works

Since we've learned, or should have learned, that the United States cannot be reasonably prosperous unless the other industrial countries are able to be our customers—and that in order for them to be our customers we must, in some measure, be theirs—we might as well know how our great customs machine works, because we must find ways and means to make it work better.

Last year there came into the Port of New York in one shipment coffee enough to give every adult on the Eastern seaboard his or her minimum of three cups a day for weeks. Coffee, for some strange reason, enters the United States free of duty, no matter where it comes from. It was my commission to clear this enormous shipment as quickly as possible. Owing to vast overproduction in Brazil and other coffee-producing countries, such as Colombia, where the best bean comes from on account of the high altitude of its growth, the coffee market was hard hit. Brazil had taken the extreme measure of burning coffee and embargoing exports. But the price continued to drop. This made it necessary to get this shipment into the hands of American merchants as quickly as possible.

I expected no delay—just the formality of declaring the quantity and checking it through the Federal warehouse. But the Brazilian Republic some weeks before had officially changed the spelling of its name to Brasil—substituting an "s" for the "z." Every bag of that shipment was stenciled with the new spelling. Customs officials ruled that the entire shipment was subject to a penalty of ten per cent of its value (wholesale, of course) because the bags were not stamped with the name of the country of origin. Regardless of the right of any sovereign country to prescribe the spelling of its name, anybody seeing a bag of coffee stamped "Brasil" would be in no doubt about the origin of the contents. But the fate of this shipment was thrown before the customs commissioner because the ten per cent fine would have made the shipment a net loss to the shippers. Only after protracted appeal was the shipload accepted as a correctly marked product of Brazil. By the time it was released coffee had dropped in the market six cents a pound, which made that particular deal most unprofitable.

There was no redress. There never is against the government, for whenever there's even the slightest doubt regarding the interpretation of any customs law or regulation, the government will always be found holding the jack pot; you pay your duties or your penalties or both—or else return the shipment or destroy it in the presence of government agents.

At about this same time, the British—who are much smarter competitive merchants than they are generally credited with being—took advantage of Brazil's self-imposed embargo on coffee. They had initiated, on a large scale, the production of coffee about equal to the South American bean in quality—in their East African protectorate of Tanganyika. They shipped tons of the stuff to the United States, the bags not being marked with the name of the country of origin, but with the British cabalistic signs of coffee-grading, which, after considerable red-tape shearing, were accepted by order of the customs commissioner as sufficiently identifying the country of origin.

On the face of it, this smacks of inconsistency. It wasn't. The decision was fair enough; the coffee trade understood the hieroglyphics. The two cases simply illustrate how our system—dependent quite as largely on the discretion of the customs commissioner and the customs courts as on the written law—can work unfairly in some cases. Really, I cannot point to a single case in hundreds of consequence, not only for the money involved but for the precedents made, in which the customs courts have been unfair from anybody's viewpoint, although there are innumerable instances of the customs commissioner making individual decisions that are sometimes ridiculous—sometimes even ruinous.

The commissioner's human, the courts are human—so, as is occasionally overlooked, are the importers. The United States tariff legislates on more than 20,000 items, its schedules are a maze of complicated definitions and particularizations. The very fact that a customs court is instituted, with an appellate division of that court in Washington, is evidence that the tariff law is not written plainly enough for everybody to understand. It cannot be. Market values fluctuate, goods are compounded of different commodities carrying different duties, and the customs judges have to decide, almost in the capacity of chemists, what duty rate shall be applied to the whole article.

The Importer Goes to Court

Again, there are five discretionary definitions of "value" according to the law. The most popular is the freely offered price for the commodity in either the country of origin or for sale to the United States. Imagine the spread between those two specifications of value! Other definitions of value, such as "cost of production" can become so technical that the professional customs expert must seek enlightenment. They are likely forgotten as soon as heard by a layman.

In regular practice, when there is any dispute between an importer or his agents and customs people at the port of entry, the case goes at once to the commissioner of customs in Washington.

If the decision of the commissioner of customs does not satisfy an importer, he can take the case into the customs

(Continued on page 46)

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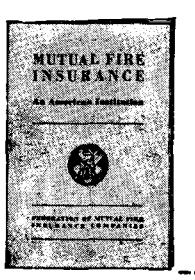

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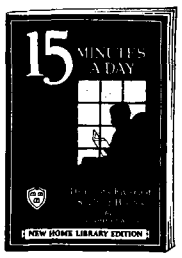

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(Continued from page 45)

court. This court is composed of nine itinerant judges who sit, principally, in New York, but travel in trios to all other seaboard and inland ports to decide cases pending there. This is a time-eating process and one which customs litigants try to avoid as much as possible by accepting the customs commissioner's ruling unless they believe it too costly to their claims.

In the event of disagreement with the customs court decision the persistent importer can appeal to the appellate division of the customs court sitting in Washington, after which there is but one appeal—to the United States Supreme Court, and that, on account of the expense and the months and sometimes years involved, is rarely invoked.

Importers and their agents or customs brokers have no relations with the tariff commission, which is empowered to make rates, not to interpret them. The practice of importers and agents or brokers, for normal purposes, is limited to the customs officials or the customs commissioner, with as few appearances as they can contrive to make before the customs courts—whose nine judges sit in tribunals of three to render majority verdicts that consistently give the Treasury Department the best of the breaks.

A Game That's Hard to Beat

This consistent performance by the customs courts in the government's favor does not imply that American import business is in constant collision with the government; but in the terms of the tariff it is always on the defensive, it has always to prove its case against the government. For before a case can go before the court the government must already have made *its* decision—against the importer. So we start with two strikes against us.

I'm not one to assert that the government should not take this attitude of ultra-safety. My point is that, since import business is as necessary to the health of our trade as export business, the law should not be so posited as to put the importer in the rôle of a knave always trying to circumvent the government. Some importers, through frequent arbitrary rulings against them, get that way. But they don't get away with it. For importing is not like ordinary business between citizen and citizen, where a fugitive "smart" trade may imperil friendly relations or even result in civil suit. If the importer bilks Uncle Sam it not only means he'll lose the confidence of the customs—but his own liberty.

Certain boys who were more clever than careful discovered this when they made a big play in sugar. Under the tariff, refined sugar was admissible at 25% ad valorem—ad valorem being generally the current market rate here, not abroad. Sugar syrup drew a duty of only 15%. These importers hit upon the idea of soaking tons of sugar in water and having it admitted in tanks as syrup, paying 15% duty. Then they dried the sugar and sold it to wholesalers, pocketing between them the ten per cent difference in duty between cane sugar and sugar syrup. The Customs Department, which has its own intelligence service, found this out, collected the full duty plus penalties and distributed gray hair freely among the conspirators with indictments that might have sent them to Atlanta or Leavenworth if merciful prosecutors had not finally thought them sufficiently punished and the lesson sufficiently salutary.

I had a personal experience of unwittingly cheating the government, one more sinister in character. Two well-dressed young men came to my office one afternoon to enlist aid in clearing a shipment from Turkey. They bore credentials from a friend—an importer of silks to whom they had applied, at some convivial meeting, for introduction to a customs broker. Their papers called for a "large quantity of a native Turkish gum" used, they claimed, in the manufacture of an especial lacquer. The duty was paid and the merchandise—as I thought—cleared.

Weeks elapsed. The matter, being only a small deal in the usual course of business, was forgotten. Then two Federal men called on me one day. They were grave. They began telling me that after my long acquaintance with customs men they were surprised at my having anything to do with racketeers. These Federal men probably knew well enough the fear of every importer's agent or broker. This is that some day he'll be used as a cat's-paw for a crooked deal by strangers, which is enough to make all of us beware of doing business for any but the old-established firms who are our principal clients.

I had never before had the experience of Federal men eying me with suspicion. Even when opposing them, they're friendly, if candid.

"You remember this shipment from Turkey?" they said.

The books were checked. There was recorded the shipment of gum. I showed them the entry. It was all open and aboveboard, as far as I was concerned.

"That was gum, all right," said one of them, a husky young man with an unattractive habit of clenching and unclenching his fists. "It was gum opium."

I was surprised and, fortunately, showed it.

"Come clean," said the fist clencher. "Do you remember your principals in this shipment?"

I didn't. But, fortunately, my skirts were clean. The record showed that I had just gone through the formality of presenting the invoice, that no special plea had been made or influence exercised to pass the shipment. Yet there was the fact: a shipment of opium valued—underworld figures—at two million dollars had been admitted by the U. S. Customs.

But the crooks, like most crooks, had been over-smart. They had come to an established customs broker to handle their shipment. Evidently, they had expected difficulty; but when they found that as their agent I had some standing with the customs, they concluded that the contact they had made could be used over and over again. They appeared at the steamship pier with a truck containing cases marked exactly like the cases from Turkey. These they shuffled to replace the Turkish shipment, the pier not being carefully guarded at the time.

A Brush with Criminal Law

They loaded their truck with the original cases of gum from Turkey and left the dock with a complaint that the Turks had not sent them the quality of goods they had ordered.

Their plan, evidently, was to juggle cases on several shipments by means of coded cables to their confederates in Asia Minor. But they made the mistake of trying to distribute their illegal harvest of opium too quickly. New York police picked up purchasers, traced the origin of the dope, turned the case over to the U. S. authorities who, in turn, came after me. Fortunately for myself, I had preserved the letter of recommendation brought by the racketeers from a friend of mine. This was turned over to the Federal authorities. The outcome was that one of these smart importers committed suicide, the other went to prison. And I learned the lesson of not being too good-natured to casual acquaintances, while the govern-

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ment tightened up on its watch of activity in U. S. warehouses.

That was my first—and last—brush with the law, that is, the criminal law. Professional life consists of daily brushes with the regular customs law.

At this moment there are thousands of American women strolling the shops or playing bridge or obstructing the view of fellow theater-goers in hats for which it is as yet undecided that they have paid the right price. About a year ago Italian manufacturers were shipping to this country thousands of dozens of women's hat shapes. These hat shapes were made of straw braid. All they needed was a little forming and trimming to fit them for the American trade.

That was not my concern. The customs broker's job was to get these thousands of hat shapes admitted for the lowest scale of duty. In the previous season duty had been charged at 25%, and the importers did their buying on that basis. Lo and behold! the Washington wise men, after some prodding by domestic manufacturers, decided the hats fell into another tariff bracket and, totally without shame, demanded a duty that ran well over 100%. This case is still in the customs courts, which means that if you bought one of these hats you haven't paid for it in full.

Our Tariff Watchdogs

In trying to keep up with milady's demands the hat importers have a grand time. Also about a year ago, they were in a mess about hat shapes made of straw and transparent paper. At one stage of the game all such *chapeaux* were charged at 25%. A little later the ante went up to 90%. Following that, shiny hats paid 90% while dull ones were reduced to 25%. Toward the end of the season everything was back at the lower rate.

The importer knew in this case, as he knows in all cases, that Mr. Joseph Grundy's organization of American manufacturers, reinforced by bureaus of makers of various kinds of merchandise in this country, is continually on the watch to put up a loud beef against admission of goods from abroad that compete in the slightest degree with domestic products.

This, of course, is natural. But there are many instances where competition is so remote, where, indeed, importation of foreign goods—while always disturbing to professional high-tariff men—is to the advantage of the American consumer, that many circumstances must be weighed before any sweeping conclusion is reached that a foreign article of necessity deprives a domestic product of its home market.

In Iowa flourishes the world's greatest manufactory of what are called pearl buttons. You have some of them on your shirt now unless you adhere to Victorian style and retain the cast-iron shirts with brass studs that are or were the modern evolution of knightly armor.

In Europe they also make buttons for shirts. Perhaps elsewhere, for all I know. This Iowa industry, through the solicitude of Senator Brookhart, who only followed the example of other politicians in securing the most unscalable tariff hurdle he could impose to protect the product of his constituents, has an edge of 100% duty on all buttons made in imitation of agate, that is, of pearl-appearing substance. Other buttons are dutiable at 45%. Czechoslovakia produces a glass button which wears as well as the Iowa false-pearl button and sells at much less. Obliged to cut corners wherever they could to meet stiff competition at home, manufacturers of shirts and other garments in America began introducing the European buttons. Instantly there were howls from Iowa that the foreign buttons, made of glass, were actually being admitted as glass buttons at the tariff rate of 45%.

The case perfectly illustrates the capriciousness of our present customs system. On one date, December 6, 1930, the customs commissioner decided, to Iowa's satisfaction, that white glass buttons were dutiable at 100%, that colored glass buttons were dutiable at the lower rate of 45% imposed by the tariff. Protests continued and about two months later, on February 9, 1931, the customs commissioner changed his mind. Makers of colored buttons had got in their word. He decreed that all kinds and colors of glass buttons must pay over 100%.

But the importers of European buttons refused to lie down under this ruling. They spoke, and forcefully, pointing out that the tariff applied the rate of over 100% against buttons "in imitation of agate." So, on March 23, 1931—that is, in about six weeks—the customs commissioner heeded the plaint of the importers to make an amazing ruling—that his previously decreed rate of 100% on all kinds of glass buttons should not apply for thirty days from February 9th, the date he had decided it should apply. This was one way of relieving importers from paying the high rate of duty on tens of thousands of dollars' worth of buttons. Don't ask me how this happened. It happened. It's the record. You only read about it. I'm one of the harassed birds who has to worry about this sort of juggling with the tariff.

You'd think, being a normal thinker, that when the tariff lays it down that the duty on soap—just soap—is 15% that's what it means. I thought so, until it became my job to clear through the customs a load of soap—you may have seen it, used it and even liked it—made in the shape of fruit. It looked like fruit; it was soap. No question of that. The customs officials admitted it. I even invited some of them to eat it, or wash with it. They did neither. They simply decided it was artificial fruit and as such was dutiable at 60%, not 15%, although artificial fruit is in no sense usable, saving to look at as decoration.

In this case, as in numerous others that could be cited, no American industry was affected. It was simply an arbitrary ruling.

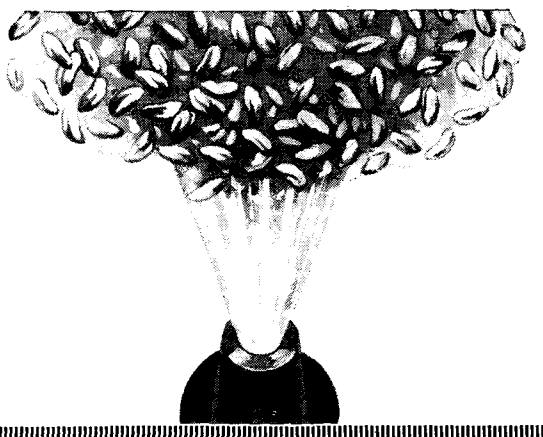
Breaking the Oil Market

Consider oil: One of the most amazing generosities of our customs service occurred last year, when millions of gallons of Russian oil were admitted after vigorous protest by domestic refiners, who claimed the Russian oil was the product of forced labor—that is, of conscript labor. Since a report came through to the importers of the gasoline that the Soviet workmen who produced it could knock off every once in a while to read the Nijni-Novgorod Pravda or take a swig of vodka, it was decreed that the labor was unforced, and the gasoline was admitted—while our oil markets were tumbling to a point where gasoline undersold spring water at the refinery.

I might be of a different opinion if I were a commissioner subject to political bombardment, or a customs judge attacked by legalistic argument, but, on the face of it, this Russian oil importation seemed to be a case of dumping. That word is distasteful to a customs broker because it is the first charge shouted against any importation that excites a native manufacturer.

A client of mine ordered tie silks from France. Raw silk comes in, with coffee, bananas, rubber and thoroughbred animals, duty free. This was

(Continued on page 48)



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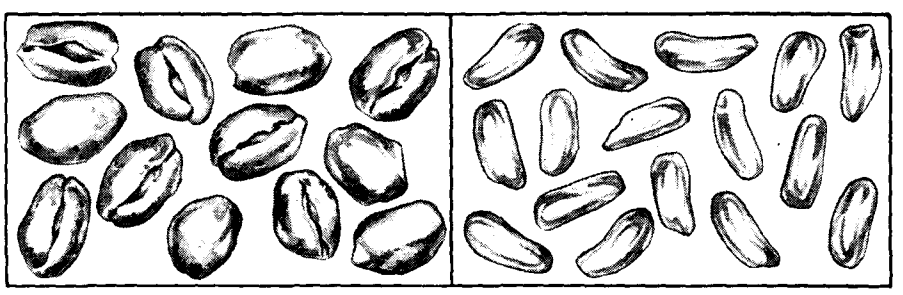
There is nothing else like food shot from guns—nothing even half so good.

By a patented process, the wheat or rice berry is puffed to eight times its size. It is made four times as porous as bread.

Yet the coats of the grain are unbroken; the shapes are unaltered. You have simply the magnified grain.

The result is a food that is crisp and inviting—a food that melts in your mouth. The most wholesome and delicious cereal food in existence.

Exact Size of Grain After Being Puffed



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The whole grain is put into sealed bronze guns. Then those guns are revolved, for forty minutes, in a heat of 550 degrees.

The moisture in the grain turns to steam, in that heat, and attains a terrific pressure.

Then the guns are fired. Instantly the steam explodes every starch granule into myriads of particles.

Thus the kernel of grain is expanded eight times. Yet it remains an unbroken berry, either of wheat or rice.

Exploded by Steam

These foods are the invention of Prof. A. P. Anderson, formerly of Columbia University.

His object was to break the millions of starch granules each into myriads of particles.

That is the object of all cooking. For these particles must be separated, else the digestive juices can't get to them.

But other methods scarcely begin to do this. Many of the granules remain unaffected. Under this method, every starch granule is literally blasted to pieces. The digestive juices act instantly.

Prof. Anderson has created the very ultimate in food. Please order one package of Puffed Grains—do it today—just to hear what the children say.

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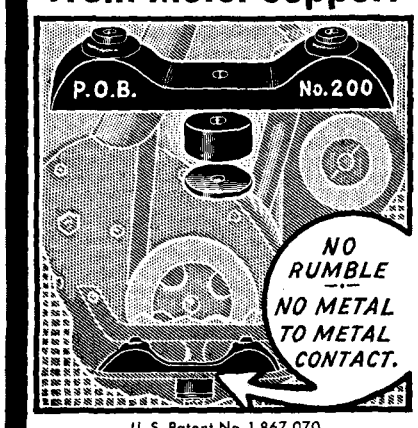

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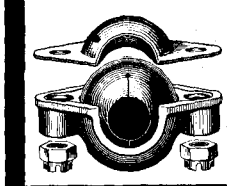

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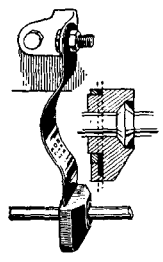

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(Continued from page 47)

manufactured silk, made in exclusive patterns and dutiable at 60%. It came in several designs, the color of one of which—blue—proved especially popular. The customs could not readily fix a duty for the material, so they admitted it under a deport duty. It was, as I have said, exclusive in design. But the demand for the one pattern in blue was so lively that the importer quickly disposed of all of that color he had received at $3.50 a yard. The other colors were slow in moving. They may be on his shelves now, for all I know. Yet the customs appraised the less salable or market-priceable silk at the rate of $3.50 a yard which the easily salable silk had realized, and taxed it on that basis.

A case like this is among the ordinary woes of an importer and his agents. They are results of abstruse rather than absurd reasoning. I had a friend who brought from abroad an ordinary mutt picked up in Munich. The little animal had become attached to him. Yet he couldn't persuade the customs that he was just a philanthropist, a friend of dumb animals. He had to pay that mascot's weight almost in silver to get it in. Had it been a blue-blooded, pedigreed pup it would have come in free.

Ironically, these freak instances and the few and far between cases of smuggling, swindling and graft appear to be the only items to get into the press to publicize the peculiarities, the efficiency and the occasional inefficiencies of the customs service. The vast and complicated activity of the entire customs organization is little understood. In prosperous times it is almost ignored. Only when employment is hit hard do we hear bellowings about the tariff to protect American workers when there is a panic sweep against all imports regardless of the effect of this prejudice on foreign credit and good will towards us abroad.

I can quite believe that Adam Smith in his apostolate of free trade had either served with the British customs or as a customs broker or seen their sufferings at first hand, so that he tried, with one magnificent doctrine, to rid the world of tariff barriers. For of old Paragraph 1430 of the Fordney-McCumber rate schedules—modified in the Hawley-Smoot tariff—you get a glimpse of the picture puzzle of tariff-making. This clause was called the woe of customs brokering because it was capable of limitless interpretations. It read that "all fabrics and articles, composed in any part, however small, of net, lace, trimming, braid, etc., are to be assessed at 90%, embroidered articles at 75%." That left the way open to define trimming as embroidery, embroidery as trimming and a multitude of similar transposals. After scores of importers approached insanity attempting to determine the distinction between embroidery and trimming, both were made 90%.

Flowers Aren't Always Flowers

Artificial flowers were assessed at 60% for a year after the Fordney-McCumber tariff act passed. Suddenly, some tariff tinker edited the law and dogmatized that artificial flowers were trimmings, therefore subject to a 90% assessment. Embattled importers of artificial flowers fired the *mot* heard round the world. Flowers are flowers, they said, not trimmings. The government—through the customs commissioner and the customs courts said no five times—no more, no less. But the flower men were gluttons for punishment. They took another case to court—and, believe it or not, the ukase went forth, flowers are not trimmings; and the importers are still living off the refunds.

I was in Florida, at a great department store, where I observed large quantities of beautiful artificial flowers. Congratulating the owner of the store on his stock and observing that the price was a little lower than the same article fetched in the North and West, the explanation was forthcoming. At that time the rest of the country was paying 90% on these flowers. This merchant, who attended to his own customs entries, paid a duty of only 60%. And I always thought Florida was in the United States.

Examples of this sort of discrepancy could be found everywhere, and will be found everywhere while our customs statutes are so complicated and cumbersome. Try to get toilet brushes into the country and you pay 50% of value with an added one cent each. Don't call them toilet brushes and you don't pay the extra cent. A cloak and suit manufacturer may import Parisian models free of duty for six months—the creations of Patou, Worth and the rest of the Mussolinis of the mode; but a foreign manufacturer or a domestic jobber cannot import samples of women's dresses without paying duty, yet samples of children's dresses and men's shoes can come in duty free under bond. Again, men's handkerchiefs can be bonded for taking orders here—not women's; for the customs commissioner has defined women's handkerchiefs as "wearing apparel."

Labyrinthine Logic

The intricacies of our customs laws reflect the vast confusion of the log-rolling, lobbying and crazy-quilted special pleading that attend their bonding. When we reflect that, in gross, they used to result in a Federal revenue of about half a billion yearly, even that seems small return for the millions of man-hours in work by Congress to frame the laws—by armies of industrialists and their attorneys, lobbyists and their attorneys—to say nothing of the cost of a customs examination, appraising, detection and otherwise detailed organization that employs several thousands of men and women.

No other country in the world buttresses or thinks it buttresses its industry with the labyrinthine logic of our customs system. We go to ridiculous lengths to protect an industry that cannot compete with a similar foreign business, and then to equally ridiculous lengths in admitting free an item like coffee, which would produce large revenues painlessly collectible—because we have no coffee-growing here. Our sugar beet industry is an invalid protected by a tariff wall as high as the Tower of Babel, a tariff that is equivalent to a subsidy. Yet we cannot begin to raise beet sugar as economically as foreign countries, and this is not all due to cheaper labor abroad. When England found her pioneer tobacco growers hopelessly outclassed by America and Cuba she made her tobacco duties revenue-raising only, and absolutely forbade any tobacco cultivation in the United Kingdom.

The involutions and convolutions of the law are many and interpretations of it varied—just now there occurs to me a recent decision that etchings are dutiable, unless signed by the artist, when they enter free as original works.

To get back to my theme: It's impolitic and impractical to ease our tariff barriers without getting concessions from abroad. But we must recognize imports as, in large measure, a foundation for our exports—and accordingly recognize importers as legitimate business men entitled to common-sense supervision of their business and not as scheming enemies of the Republic's economy, to be hog-tied at every turn.

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The Open Season for Eating

Continued from page 16

Roquefort cheese sandwiches? Or cream cheese and raisins? Or shredded shrimp?

The main thing is—get out. There are only three essentials: good weather, simplicity of menu and vividness. Of these even the weather is flexible. Courtney Borden enjoys the moist smell of summer rain on a screened-in porch, where she sits wrapped in a wooly sweater, eating pork and beans served from an earthenware dish covered with a gay napkin. Her porch meals are served on trays: each guest has his own—a different bright color—and on it is the entire meal. With the beans would come a little wooden dish of cole slaw nestling in the outer leaf of a head of lettuce, and a plate of hot, foamy biscuits. A piece of devil's food cake, a fruit gelatin with banana, orange, pineapple and strawberry, and hot coffee complete the rainy-day luncheon.

A Picnic with a Difference

Most of the Borden outdoor eating is done on their plantation near Grenada, Mississippi, where tables flank a flagstoned courtyard. On warm mornings Mrs. Borden breakfasts at seven-thirty at a maple tiptop table where a round yellow lacquer tray beckons clear across the courtyard in springtime to the pairs of quail strutting by. She always uses blue earthenware dishes with a pastoral pattern, paper napkins with colored stripes, and—if a table is set for the family—oilcloth squares in lieu of tablecloth. Attractive settings can be made by attention to these details.

Breakfast on the plantation consists of the usual orange juice, coffee and toast—but there is a substantial dish as well: whole-wheat cakes with maple syrup, French toast with jelly, or codfish balls with cream sauce and bacon.

The most delicious picnic meal Mrs. Borden remembers was one last winter when four mallard ducks were broiled the day before (twenty minutes in a slow oven) and served cold and whole as the party lunched in a cornfield. With the ducks were served lettuce and tomato, cucumber and Swiss cheese sandwiches, hot coffee and milk in vacuum bottles, bananas and apples, and angel food cake, each slice wrapped in waxed paper.

About sandwiches: The greatest fault with them usually is their lack of grace. The lettuce leaks out the sides or they aren't cut small enough for fastidious eating. People nowadays prefer whole-wheat or rye to white bread, but no one likes dry bread. Use butter generously, or mayonnaise flavored with tomato juice.

It was a riding party that sent the child Mrs. Borden used to be scurrying outdoors to eat as a regular thing. Sitting on pine needles, she watched a Wyoming camp cook bake in a collapsible tin oven those crisp-topped foamy rolls indigenous to Western camps—along with flapjacks that are sleight-of-hand feats as well as culinary art. The coffee was the strong, nostril-tickling kind brewed above camp fires, with a raw egg dropped in to settle the grounds. They had caught some brook trout, which were split up the middle and fried in bacon grease.

"I shall never forget the taste of my first brook trout," vowed Mrs. Borden, solemn with remembrance.

But if she looked back to the ranch meal for its food, a midnight repast on a schooner off the coast of Siberia was more memorable for its setting. Waffles and hot chocolate were consumed at two in the morning, after a day spent hunting polar bear for a museum.

"The ocean was lavender," she recounted, "and there were streaks of red in the sky. It was so beautiful we could have eaten dry cereal and it would have tasted good."

Beach parties are invariably successful outdoor meals, especially with a bonfire, for summer air is cool close to the water. How fine to get out of a house that holds the heat, to sit with a tray on one's knees, watching the flames! A good menu for a beach supper, served from the house, is scrambled eggs and fried tomatoes, hot biscuits buttered in the kitchen, crabapple jelly, stewed fruit and coffee. The dishes should carry out the yellow of the eggs and stewed fruit. Italian pottery with raised yellow roses around the edge is excellent.

But if your strip of beach is too far from home for kitchen service, a corn roast or clambake is lots of fun. Either can be a complete, well-balanced meal even if it must be carted along in the tonneau of a car.

For a picnic with a difference, try this one of Mr. Leney's:

Corn, roasted in the husks in hot embers for ten minutes. Large pats of butter in unbreakable red bowls, plump salt and pepper cellars to match. Whole tomatoes, eaten apple-fashion. Beer in big pewter mugs. Pot cheese, to be eaten with forks, and optional seasoning, not of salt or sugar, mind you, but of chives, capers or paprika.

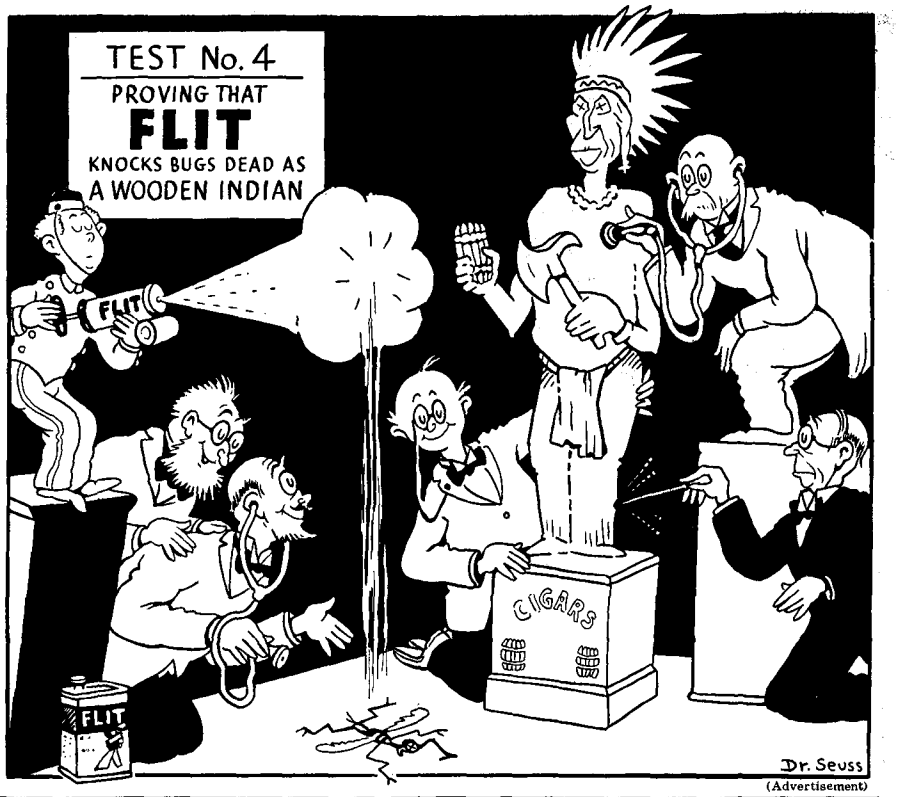
Mr. Leney has evolved a clambake that fairly starts the digestive juices flowing, too. A chicken, a lobster and six clams, three peeled potatoes, a strip of bacon and a handful of crushed crackers are put into a covered metal pot in an improvised stone oven. The stones and the pot are blanketed with seaweed. Then forget the *pièce de resistance* for from an hour and a half to two and a half hours. Even when the fire has died down, you see, the seaweed acts as a thermos. The succulent result is served with hearts of celery, salt, Camembert cheese and crackers. The drink is iced tea.

Winter Gypsies

There is no place for sticky desserts in the fastidious picnic menu, but this, according to all signs, is no hardship. Even hotel grills and tearooms report a decline in the popularity of conventional desserts since the return of beer. Fresh or stewed fruits and cheese trays are the rule, at home or in the field.

The summer months present an opportunity to get the picnic habit, but those of us who become true gypsies need not stop altogether when winter comes. True, only midday meals on sunny days are possible in cold weather, but too few people realize that the sun is gentle even in December. Mrs. Borden had luncheon in a chalet at St. Moritz last year, when the snow was three feet deep. She drove up to the top of a mountain in a sleigh, wearing three sweaters, and ate at a little table in the sheltered corner of an L-shaped inn. It is necessary to have steaming-hot food, of course; thick soups in deep bowls make almost a meal in themselves! And, for convenience, an electric grill in the middle of a table can keep things at a boiling point.

If that sounds fantastic on your own terrace or porch, wait until you have dined with the summer breeze for a condiment. For Nature herself has a flavor no walled-in art can imitate.



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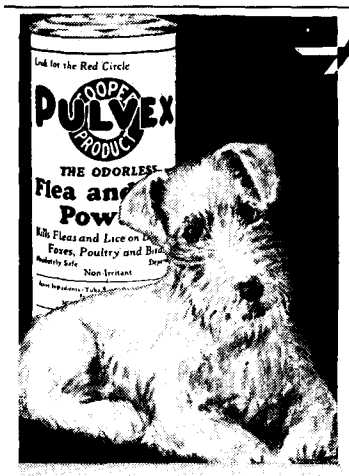

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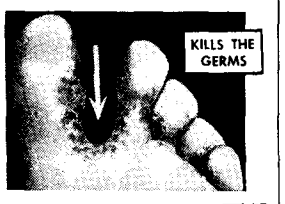

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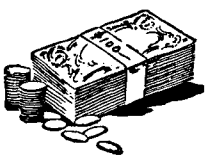

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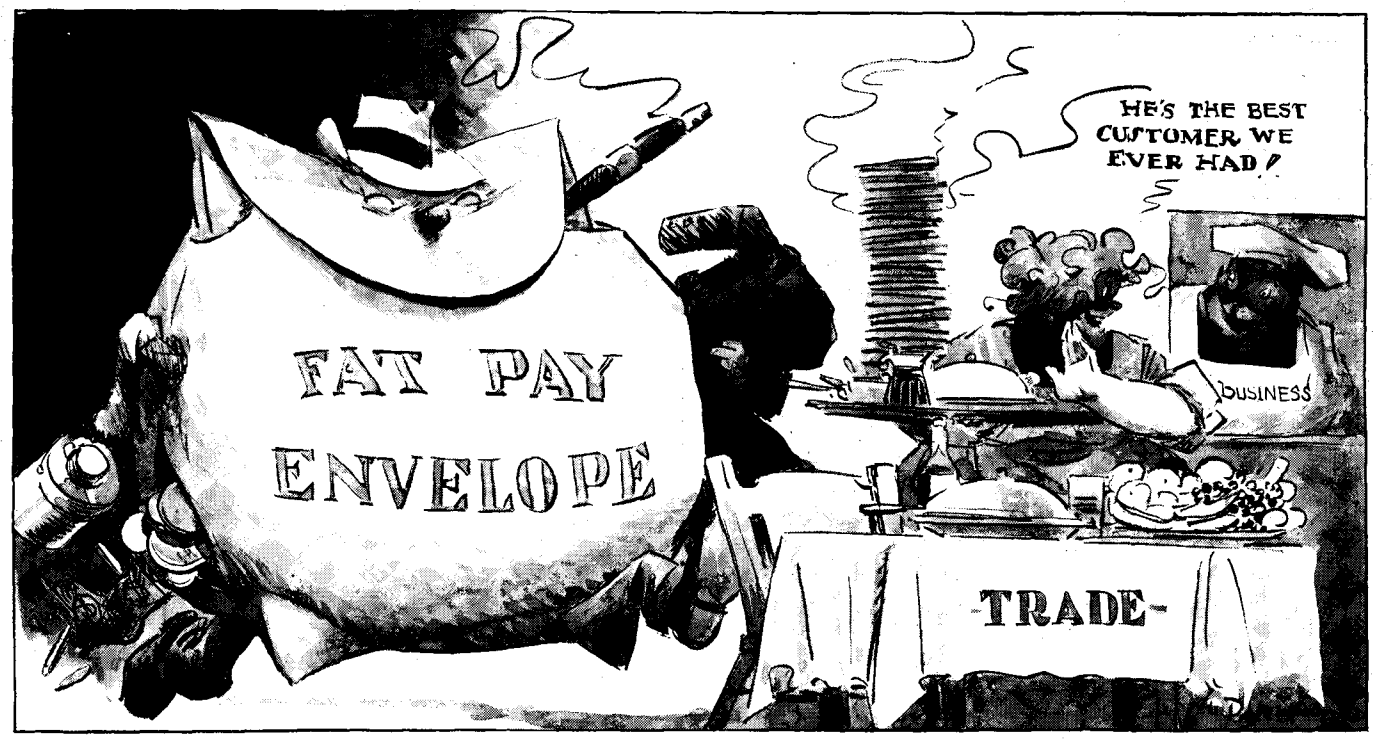

Pay for Prosperity

RAISE wages and broaden and deepen the foundations of returning prosperity.

No single policy offers more to us as Americans right now than a quick and general fattening of the pay envelope.

In no other way can buying power be more effectually restored and made stable. The domestic market is, has been and will long continue to be our best market. The money paid out in wages is the important buying power of this domestic market. American industry in the long run will produce and sell little more than the wage earners of this country can buy and consume.

Before anything else is done, wages should be restored to the levels we came to regard as normal in the pre-depression days.

Whatever the faults of those days, and they were numerous and serious, the policy of high wages adopted in the prosperous years which ended in 1929 was sound and right.

Wages ample to sustain a high standard of living are as essential to the "New Deal" as they were to the "New Era" of four years ago. We can profitably avoid the extravagant speculation of the boom period but we cannot abandon high wage scales.

During the hard years wages went down to appallingly low levels. Some of this was necessary. Business cannot long pay out more than it earns. Some of the pay cuts were wantonly unnecessary. Unscrupulous men and women took advantage of their opportunity to cut wages much more than was necessary.

Many of these wage reductions were put into effect because of mistaken ideas of what constitutes sound public policy. Labor costs, it was said, ought to be lowered to be kept in line with other reduced costs.

This fallacy leads to economic suicide. Whatever may have been true in the days when industry was still small, mass production requires mass consumption if demand is to equal supply. Mass consumption cannot exist without high wages. So far as we Americans are concerned, a generous wage scale is the bed rock of prosperity. There is no other way to keep mass production going or to maintain the American standard of living for any class.

Very wisely the national industrial recovery measure gives full emphasis to the need for decent wages. In order to obtain the privilege of exemption from the penalties of the anti-trust laws, industries and employers must agree to abide by codes of fair practice.

Conspicuous items in these codes are the agreements to comply with such standards fixing the maximum hours of work and the minimum rates of pay as may be approved or prescribed by the President.

This is by no means a national minimum wage act. The Administration has sought to avoid both the constitutional and the practical difficulties of establishing a Federal minimum wage law. What it has astutely undertaken is to reward those employers who do in fact pay decent wages and provide fair working conditions. The benefit of this policy will be enormous both to the individuals affected and to the nation as a whole.

Many of the more alert and intelligent employers have already increased wages. At the very first improvement of business these good citizens raised the pay of their employees. It is significant to note that some of the largest corporations in the country were the leaders in this movement.

One company or group cannot, however, act alone in such a matter. Business generally is competitive and even the most intelligent and public-spirited employer is handicapped by what others in competition with him are willing and able to do.

For this reason the organization of industry along the lines drawn up in the national recovery measure is vitally required. It is unfair to the nation, as well as to the workers immediately affected, to permit the stupid and the avaricious to block wage increases and the return of settled prosperity.

The depths to which wages sank in poorly organized industries is appalling. An investigation conducted by Collier's showed that "wildcat" employers in the garment industry were, in Connecticut, for instance, paying girls as little as $1 a week. By no process of reasoning could such pay be termed a living wage.

These employers are parasites, living on the earnings of other industries and on funds raised by taxpayers. The girl or the man paid less than enough for self-support is of course fed and maintained by private or public charity. There is no room in America for such employers. They can be controlled through state minimum wage acts and through the national industrial recovery measure.

Fortunately, however, these exploiters are the few and not the many and they can be brought to account. Much more important is the great majority who are willing to pay as generously as the conditions of their particular business make possible.

As a program of recovery there is no sounder policy than the soonest possible increase of wages. Where the choice exists, it is far sounder to restore wages than it is to increase dividends or to restore dividends. Capital, like labor, is entitled to its hire but labor comes first in any reasonable program of recovery.

For workers are customers and customers must have buying power if there are to be profits of any kind for anyone. Once wages are fairly reëstablished, business will hum and there will be profits enough for dividends, interest and all other proper charges on production. But the worker must be served first if any are to eat.

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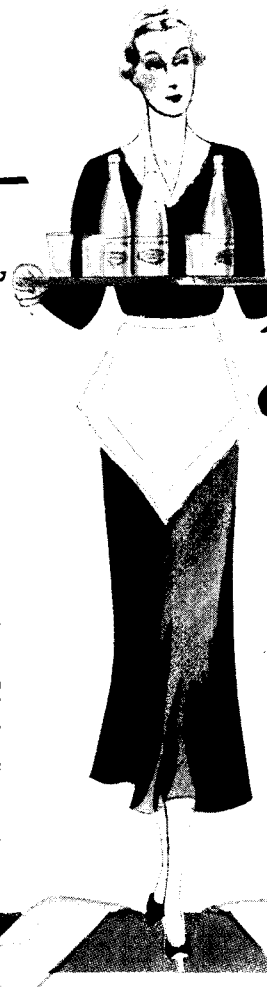
Cent-sible!



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